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FAIRY TALE OF THE WHITE MAN

TOLD FROM THE GATES OF SUNSET

by

ELLA STERLING MIGHELS

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Fairy Tale

of

The White Man

Told From The Gates of Sunset

by

Ella Sterling Mighels

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Author of "The Full Glory of Diantha," "The Story of the Files of California," "Little Mountain Princess," "Society and Babe Robinson," etc.

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To the memory of
ADLEY HOOKE CUMMINS,
without whose magnificent scholarship gained from a knowledge of sixty languages and dialects, and without whose Belief in the Integrity of the White Race, this book would never have been written.

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INTRODUCTION

As we stand gazing upon the glory of the sun in his path going down into his night-palace in the great Pacific, a question arises.

The children of my neighbors want to know how far did we have to come to get here, in the first place? For though we are native-born ourselves, yet each one has a tale to tell of parents who traveled far, and some "farther than far" in order to get us this fair land of California as a birthright. And before those grandparents also, was a great journey traveled, always in this direction.

Although English is our native tongue, yet other languages are all around us. Although we call ourselves Americans, yet there is a mingled strain of Europe in our veins. Although we have German, Anglo-Saxon, Scotch, French, Spanish, Norse, Italian, Russian and other ancestors, yet for the sake of harmony we declare ourselves to be Irish and our favorite color, green. This brings us all so close together that we begin to want to know where did our ancestors of the WHITE Man first start from, in order to get here.

For after all the many journeys from the old country, first crossing the Atlantic before crossing the plains for three thousand miles, or coming by ship by the way of Cape Horn or Panama, there is now no farther to go. We now have reached the last edge of the last continent. And the story must be told.

Who, then are we, restless followers of the sun for thousands of years back? What made us a WHITE race in the beginning, or if we cannot solve that question what is it that has kept us a WHITE race? What was it away back there somewhere when our people first started out to follow the sun's path that made us feel that "Blood was thicker than water"? and kept us true to our own kind?

We have read all the old fairy stories to discover their hidden meanings, containing germs of truth preserved for thousands of years by the grandmothers. And now we want to add one more to them, telling the story of the WHITE Man, and how he came to follow, follow, the sun's course, for it is a more marvelous fairy story than all the others put together.

And we have all worked together to this end, that we may make known our discoveries to all the nations of our race, and draw the WHITE MAN to feel more kindly to his brother. And if there be some accursed villains of the WHITE race amongst us be assured that beneath the white skin there is a heart that belongs to another color.

To make clear to you how it is that "we-all-are-one," originally, one of the neighbors' children has arranged a family-tree from the languages that our ancestors have spoken for thousands of years back.

ELLA STERLING MIGHELS,
Assisted by the Neighbors' Children.

1605 Baker Street, San Francisco, California.
February 28th, 1912.

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FORE-WORD

We, the native high-born of the Land of the Setting Sun (whose birthright the land is) send

GREETING

to the native high-born of the lands of the Rising Sun, as far back as "The WHITE Man" may be found.

We do this in the name of the little Queen of the Bright Ones, Una Materna, the ONE MOTHER of us all, for we are her descendants and ought to be united in bonds of amity and peace for our own self-preservation.

And we send you this greeting because we know! Here in our beloved California, the Land of Sunset, is the meeting-place of all the nations and of all the races of mankind, and if we be not warned in time by the story of Una Materna and her grand old warriors, then we shall hear the mort-cry of the WHITE Man.

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CHAPTER I.

THE LITTLE QUEEN OF THE BRIGHT ONES.

Once a king was out hunting with his huntsmen in the forest when he pursued a magnificent stag, and became separated from them all. As the hour of sunset approached, the stag bounded away out of sight as if he had vanished into air, and the king found himself alone in a strange place.

His horse was tired, and as he drew up to see where he was and to find water for himself and beast, he heard hoarse voices and sounds as of a band of robbers approaching. At once he dismounted and led his horse behind some trees and waited in silence until he should discover who or what they might be.

Faster they came, and he beheld a band of men half running, all ragged and torn, with long hair and heavy beards of a bright bronze color, and they were carrying a litter on their shoulders, while outrunners were ready by their sides to take their places when they wearied. He noticed how white was the skin of these men in contrast to those of his own people, for he was of the sunbrowned race himself. Then he took heed of the precious things they were bearing so carefully on the litter.

There were two figures there, an old woman and a little girl. The woman had her head draped with a strange sort of headdress falling down in tabs on each side of her face, while a black veil with white stars on it covered her from head to foot as if with mystery. In her hands were knitting-needles, and a long web of strange material lay in her lap at which she was working still with ceaseless energy.

At her side stood the most marvelous child the king had ever seen. She was about three years old and as white as milk. Her hair fell about

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her like a cloak of spun gold, her eyes were deeply blue and her lips and cheeks of the richest rose color. On her head was a little crown, but her bearing was so proud that one would have known her for the daughter of a king had she had no crown upon her head.

Now the king's heart was full of joy at the sight of her. Never had he beheld anything so beautiful, and he determined to know more about her. So he tethered his horse there and stealthily followed the band of runners. As they neared a certain place, the little girl stretched out her hand and said, "Here for the night." And at once all came to a stop and the litter was carefully lowered to the ground.

Some ran for faggots and built a fire, some cooked, and some made ready a couch of fern.

When the camp had come to a state of rest, the king made bold to appear on the scene, leading his horse. At once every man stood on guard around the little girl and the woman, shaking a spear or a battle-ax menacingly at the intruder. The king made the sign of peace and asked for a little food, as he had lost his way. At first no one could understand him, till an old man amongst them caught a word or two and explained to the others, for their language was not the same. The men on guard, those ragged, bronze-headed heroes, turned to the marvelous child for direction, and she nodded her head saying, "Yes." The king was then admitted to their midst and given food and a place to sleep for the night. But he lay awake all the hours of darkness, filled with strange feelings never felt before. An early start was being made when the king tried to question the only man who understood a few words of his language, as to the destination of the band of the Bright Little Queen.

He pointed vigorously to the WEST.

"But where do you come from?" asked the king.

For reply he turned and pointed to the golden rim of the sun just appearing in the East. He understood. They had come from the Land of Sunrise, and were now marching ever on and on to the Land of Sunset.

"But why?" He tried to get an answer but all he could make out of the eloquent oration delivered to him in that other language of the "Bright Ones," accompanied by shakes of the head and tragic gestures and expressions on the faces of all of them, was, that there was a TERRIBLE SOMETHING behind there in the Land of Sunrise that had driven them out. He then made bold to ask about the child, and they succeeded in making clear to him that she was their little Queen and, together with the Wise Women who had their TRADITIONS safely in her keeping, was all they had left to them of their kingdom and their ancient people—all else having been destroyed by the Terrible Something which the king took to mean a dragon.

He then told them he was the ruler of the country roundabout, and invited them to take refuge with him till they felt ready to pursue their journey. This was translated to the others, and the poor wild-looking men, ready for another long march, yet with very little to eat on the way, gathered around the little Queen to await her command. She nodded. But the Wise Woman said not a word, only went on knitting the faster at her web.

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The king then rode at the head of them all and kept blowing blasts on his hunting horn to attract the attention of some of his huntsmen. But he must have wandered far when he pursued the fleet-footed stag for no answer came quickly in response as he had expected. (They say now that it was an enchanted stag that he had followed, and it had taken him to the Land of the Unknown.)

So they traveled on together all that day and camped out for the night as before. All the while the king's heart was glad within him with the joy of being near the "Little Bright Queen" as he called her, and as all others have called her since then, so that he forgot to be worried over the delay in reaching his kingdom. However his huntsmen were riding hither and thither for a hundred miles around, and at last one of them named Yodel, who had a marvelous sense of hearing, caught the faint sound from afar that the king blew so measuredly, and after hours of hard riding finally came forth from the forest to meet him.

Judge of the surprise of Yodel to see his king riding at the head of such a motley band of ragged wanderers. Soon he had others of the huntsmen there and they gave the king welcome and all rejoiced at his safe return and, because of their having given succor to their master, the wanderers also were hailed with hearty greetings. If they had known what was before them may be they would have driven them away and not permitted them to come into their midst. And then where should we have been? But we shall see.

At sight of the beautiful little Queen as white as milk and as blue-eyed as the azure heavens above, and with hair floating around her like the filaments of sunlight, and the crimson upon cheek and lip like the glories at sunset when rose-color bathes the earth and sky in splendor, all were amazed and bewildered, for never had their eyes beheld anything like the child. They did not wonder that the king welcomed her to his lodge in the forest and ordered the best of everything to be set before her. The next day they returned to the city where the king had his palace not far from the edge of a great desert. And they sent word by Yodel, who was also a swift runner, to prepare the inhabitants for the approach of the "Bright Ones," as they were now termed.

For a dip in the stream had restored each one to himself, and the shining white skin and the bronze-colored hair and heavy beards of the men caught the sun-light and reflected it again, while upon each forehead was the gleam of a golden circlet to hold the long, waving tresses in place which made them all look like king's sons in spite of their tatters and coverings made of the skins of wild beasts. Each was now calm and collected and stood in the majesty of his manhood. They had the night before taken some of the king's linen they found in the lodge to make a new little frock and mantle for the child, and she stood there on the litter carried by them so proudly, gazing at all she met, spotless within and without. But the Wise Woman only knitted on ceaselessly as if fearing to lose a stitch.

Thus came the Bright Ones to the king's palace, and were glad to rest on their onward journey to the Land of Sunset. But the king held a council and when it was over they asked these men to stay with them and help them fight their enemies, and they would give the little girl a

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palace and a garden for herself and her nurse to dwell in, until she was old enough to marry.

When the Bright Ones consulted their little Queen, she nodded, and so it came to pass that the king won many victories over his enemies, and the city near the desert became of great authority in the land, such as was never known before, to which journeyed many travelers and many caravans, so that kingdom waxed rich and powerful.

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CHAPTER II.

THE WICKED PRINCESS JALASSA.

While the Bronze-bearded were fighting against the enemies of the king, the child was growing up in her palace-garden. She was also learning the arts of women, spinning of flax and dyeing and weaving, and making of pictures, and planting of seeds, and singing of songs she had learned from the birds, and taking of steps she had copied from the leaves in their autumn-dances, and the arts of purification by water, and telling of stories of the past she had gotten from her nurse, the Wise Woman, and mixing of leaven to make bread, and all those useful as well as beautiful things a maiden should know to prepare her for the days coming, when she has to be the queen of her kingdom and set tasks for others, intelligently.

Now the king had an ugly sister whose temper was so bad no Prince could be found to marry her; and as is the way with those who are disagreeable, she hated everything sweet and beautiful. She could not bear that everyone should be talking of the marvelous child and calling her "The One-and-the-Only-One," all the time in their extravagant praise, until at last she was angered beyond endurance by the king's recognizing this name, and giving her the title of "Una, the little Queen of the Bright Ones."

"And who is she, after all, but a beggar-child my brother, the king, found out beyond and brought home from pity!" exclaimed the ugly princess, Jalassa, in her rage to the ladies of the court.

"But how many gifts she has," vainly remonstrated the ladies, "it shows she is dowered by the fairies and it is better to be friends with her or they will punish us!"

"Gifts? Rubbish!" cried the spiteful sister of the king, "I am sure there is more cleverness in my little finger than there is in her whole body. Let the slaves mix the leaven and wash the linen, and dye the cloth and sing and dance for my pleasure! I can sit idle all day long and do nothing whatever, which is what a real princess should be celebrated for."

"But what glorious hair like a golden cloak around her, and such milk-white skin, and eyes as darkly blue as the skies," they would murmur. For they were afraid that the fairies were listening, and they wanted to be on the safe side.

"She is a freak!" Jalassa would scream, "just like an albino, and no one knows what tribe she came from—" here she lowered her voice to a sepulchral whisper— "maybe she belongs to the Ghouls—they are said to be pale enough—hiding in dark caves all day and only coming out at night with the jackals and hyenas."

The ladies shivered at the very thought. Now it was not long until they told this to the pages, and what more natural than they should tell the soldiers, and that the soldiers should tell their wives, until at last everyone was repeating these abominable hints of the princess until there

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was a buzzing and a murmuring like a lot of bees filling the air. It was not long until one of the Bright Ones caught a word or two, they having learned the language by now, and in a great rage one of Una's men hurled to the earth the soldier who was thus making merry at the expense of their little Queen.

This brought the matter to the king and the council, for the warriors entered the palace in their old paraphernalia of skins and announced that they would take their little Queen and her nurse, and go on their journey, the following day. But the king could not spare them, nor did he mean to lose his hold on the marvelous child, for he intended to marry her himself when she was of a suitable age. So he bade them be of tranquil mind and he would do justice to all. Then he invited them to tell their real story to the historian of the court who would write it all down in letters of gold for future ages to ponder over and preserve, that the lineage of Una the Fair One with Golden Locks should be known forever.

So the oldest amongst the warriors agreed to this, and after consulting with the Wise Woman who had preserved the names and traditions of Una's ancestors in her mysterious web, the family-tree was carefully copied down and written large, for all to see, and hung upon the walls of the city. And it was a wonderful story that made all feel humble in her presence and in that of the warriors with their bronze beards and blue eyes, for it seemed they were a more ancient and advanced race by thousands of years than were these of the sunbrowned peoples of earth.

Jalassa was compelled to stand in the presence of all and receive her sentence of banishment from the court as punishment for the insults she had indulged in to satisfy her spite against these wonderful strangers. In her rage and mortification she looked her ugliest, for in spite of her silks and gauzes she could not conceal her dish-face and flat features and greasy skin. If she had been kind it would have redeemed her looks more than satins or jewels but she hated everybody, even herself. She had a black parrot that she took with her to the sequestered tower where she was compelled to go and live for the rest of her life. And she sent her parrot out to gather the news from time to time without anyone knowing anything about it, for it was an enchanted bird which had been given to her by an aunt who lived in Africa.

In the palace-garden, Una the Fair One continued to live in peace. She played with the animals that lived there for they were all tame in her presence. The squirrel in the tree called to her to "Come up! come up—come up and see the world." When she asked the turtle-dove whom it loved the best, it puffed out its purple sheen and cooed, "My queen! my queen! my queen." When she demanded of the frog how he felt, "Ugly! ugly! ugly!" hoarse he cried. When she called all the birds to her, they came from far and wide and the meadow-lark sat on her shoulder and sang quaintly,

"Sweet! Well? What d'ye think o' me?"

And she was happy until one day something happened which seemed to bring her a touch of sorrow for the future. She saw on a bough close to her a new bird which seemed trying to tell her something. Straightway she began talking to it in the bird-language and asked:

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"What Fate is waiting me,
O tiny bird with nodding head?
Shall my true love and I be wed?"

And the bird nodded "yes."

She clasped her hands together and cried,

"Oh, what is Fate's decree?
Shall we be happy, happy, we?"

But the bird sang slowly in a plaintive voice, as it sat in the tree above:

"Farewell, my love! Farewell, my love!"

Then it flew away.

For the first time Una knew what a touch of sorrow was. She had dreamed as a child might of her prince, her king who one day would come into her life, that she might be lonesome no more. She saw that the birds had mates and built their nests together. Why should not she some day build up a kingdom of her own, far away from these sun-browned people to whom she did not belong? Why not one day a white prince come to claim her of the same race as herself and her warriors? That had been her dream. Why should she have to say "farewell?"

"May be the bird is mistaken," she murmured to herself.

Not long after this she beheld the little thing again, perched on the same bough above her head, and it fluttered its feathers and perked its head most mysteriously. "Have you a message for me," asked Una, "a message from my true love!"

It nodded that it had, and presently in the bird-language told her that there was just such a prince as she had dreamed of on the other side of the great desert, who had heard of her and her fairness the same as his own people, showing that they belonged to the same race, and already he loved her and wished her to wait for him, for he was a poor prince as yet and had no kingdom of his own to lay at her feet; but that his brothers would be soon going forth to conquer the world and he would have to remain with his father and serve him, and then the kingdom would descend to him. So the bird had brought the message and bade her always wait for him as he should do for her.

Now Una could not understand all this at first. It took days and days for her to get it all into her head. But she perceived one thing at once, and that was this: her prince was poor. So she applied herself more than ever to those arts for which already she was famed that she might take with her industries of great value to the new kingdom whither she was to go.

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CHAPTER III.

THE WARRIORS SPEAK UP.

Taller and more beautiful Una grew in her girlhood, till the king decided she was of a marriageable age, and told her warriors that the hour had now arrived for the celebration of the ceremony; that he had provided the richest of silks and satins and silver and gold tissues and had a necklace of pearls to bestow upon her, together with caskets of emeralds and rubies and diamonds as fitting to the beauty and grace of so distinguished a bride.

Her warriors, who always were blunt and to the point, announced to the king that according to the laws and customs of their tribe, when that hour arrived, all the princes and kings of the surrounding country were bidden to the festivities and the princess, or young queen as it was in this case, chose the one she liked best.

The king scowled.

"But there is one king who loves her now more than any other could—" he began, when he was interrupted.

"Who is the man?" asked Moondy, the chief warrior, for they were a stupid lot when it came to affairs of the heart.

The king struck his own breast. "Here he stands," he exclaimed.

"What?" came from the band as in one voice. "You? You are already blessed with wives."

"I have never yet appointed one as my queen," observed the king; "that honor shall belong to Una."

But an angry murmur arose from those Bright Ones. "It is not the way of our tribe," they announced blankly.

Now the king was afraid to anger these men of might, and so he pretended to agree to their plan and summon all the princes and kings of the nations roundabout, near or far, to the Suyamvara of the Fair One of the Golden Locks, determined to win her himself by some treachery at the last moment. He had Yodel and all his huntsmen trained for the part they were to play, and if she, the young Queen, chose another than himself they were to be ready to carry her off just before the wedding-ceremonies to the lodge in the forest, where he would meet them and be safely married to her before her warriors could arrive. Once that was done he felt they would have no more to say, but if they did, he would have them driven out of the kingdom. He was tired of them any way, now that he did not need them any more to help quell his enemies. Besides he wanted Una all to himself—one father-in-law was bad enough when one married, but what could one do with a whole regiment of them interfering all the while—and that was just about what those blundering old warriors would be doing. No, he would be glad to get rid of them at any cost, even if they had to be put to death treacherously. Thus do we see that a king's heart may be desperately "wicked and deceitful above all things," even while he is talking about LOVE.

Now Jalassa, sitting at her tower-window, was awaiting the return of her black parrot which she sent forth each morning to bring her the latest news, hoping always to find some way to revenge herself upon the

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Fair One with Golden Locks, for her having been banished from the court. And eagerly she greeted the crook-billed bird which returned to her with the tidings of the approaching Suyamvara. Also it brought her the king's secret and how the huntsmen were to carry off the bride to the hunter's lodge in the forest before the ceremony if she chose another, to make her the queen of the land.

Jalassa turned first a pale yellow, then a pale green. With Una as queen she could never again appear at court. So she plotted how she could outwit the king, her brother. She had a wicked old aunt in the lower kingdom who was queen of the Blacks, and she sent her black parrot to her with a message. This was for her to dispatch a caravan of blacks to carry away the bride before the huntsmen did, while she herself would impersonate the bride and let the huntsmen carry her off instead. It was a beautiful plan of revenge, worthy of Jalassa's black heart, but what could you expect? She and her brother, the king, did not belong to the same blood, for their father, the previous king, had had many wives of many lands and they two did not have the same mother, and so were a mixed breed. They had no peace in their own hearts, fighting even among themselves.

The old queen of the Blacks was delighted to do as she was bid, for she wanted a fair daughter of men to wed with her son and lift him up a thousand years, by means of her white brain and white manners, and give the kingdom a new prince to rule in the next generation with a brain like herself. So she straightway called her son to her to adorn himself like the sun in all its glory, and go forth with his caravan of Blacks to fetch home the Fair One with Golden Locks to be his queen.

Meanwhile the news flew to all the princes and kings of the outside tribes and races of men. The queen of the Yellows had longed for such a daughter of men as was this far-famed beauty, to wed with her son with his slant eyes, and so she sent him forth to win her, leading his caravan over a vast distance to be present at the Suyamvara.

Even the queen of the Reds heard the news some way, but the great waters separated their tribe from the land where the fair bride was to be found, so she could not send her son in all his war-paint and feathers —much as she desired it.

But the queen of the Browns was not so far away as this, and so she fitted up a fleet of catamarans and sent it forth to reach the shore where was the city by the desert, to enter the contest for the gaining of the hand of this marvelous one of so noble a race as the white tribe belonged to. However there came up a great storm and they were not able to get to those shores, and such few as lived to return home to those islands of the South, never ceased to tell of the amazing beauty and grace of the WHITE princess they had never had the pleasure of beholding. And fairy tales more wonderful than dreams grew out of this imagined experience all over the earth which accounts for the mixed versions now in the books in many lands.

Yet the truth is good enough as we shall see in this true version of the story, and the truth is sometimes too terrible to be borne for it nearly breaks our hearts. That is why the grandmothers turn it into fairy tales for the children, and thus the truth is covered up carefully from sight, yet is there all the time behind the enchantment.

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Well, what was Una doing all this time?

Her nurse, the Wise Woman, still sat with her knitting, but answered Una's questions from time to time, in briefest sentences.

"Do I have to wear the satins and silks and pearls for my wedding costume, dear Nurse?" she exclaimed, "I should prefer my own weaves."

"It is customary," said Resonia, knitting away. So with a sigh, thinking of her poor prince, who would be coming to claim her, Una submitted.

For he was coming, she knew. The little bird on the bough of the orange-tree had brought her another message. He had heard of the approaching Suyamvara and would be there. She put on her bridal finery and the ladies of the court were busy putting in a pin here, and a pin there, in order to show how important they were.

But in Una's heart was a great glory, so she did not mind them in the least, for the bird had told her the name of her prince and she was saying it over and over as if it were the noblest and sweetest music to be heard on earth.

"Prince Ar-Ya of the Land of the Ar-Yans—Prince Ar-Ya who will soon be my Ar-Ya and together we shall build our nest."

She did not hear what the court-ladies were saying, she was so absorbed in this beautiful name which henceforth was to be her own. But she did hear something! It was the song of the little brown bird on the bough of the orange-tree, and escaping from them all, she ran to get the message. Her heart nearly broke right there! Prince Ar-Ya's father was dying and he could not leave him, but he had already sent his caravan across the desert in charge of a faithful subject named Avenant who would serve for him to the death, and fetch Una to his kingdom where he was waiting impatiently for her coming.

"Quick! quick!" exclaimed Una, "how shall I know this Avenant before he is announced? How shall I know that he is true to my prince?"

So the bird told her he would wear white wings upon his helmet, and that she was free to put him to any test she desired. The disappointment was almost more than she could bear but she knew she must meet whatever came bravely, and so steadied herself as she heard the sound of trumpets summoning all to the great festival.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE SUYAMVARA.

The hour had arrived for the first day's ceremonies. Arrayed all in splendor, the court and the people assembled in the outdoor circle which was like a vast circus with seats all around enclosing the center. At one side was the dais of the king with canopies of gold and crimson and blue overhead and a million silken flags fluttering in the warm sunshine. Near to him was the dais of Una, the Queen of the Bright Ones, and it was all blue and silver and covered with stars, with white silk flags trembling around the edges of the canopies.

Clad in her robes of silver and white, and attended by the ladies of the court, and guarded by her warriors who were now in the prime of life, rugged and stern as so many fathers ever watching over her, and closely followed by her nurse veiled as usual, appeared the young queen. Everyone knew her at once by the wonderful golden locks sweeping around her like a shower of sunshine. As she took her place a cheer of delight arose from all present for the very sight of her filled one with joy.

Then came a splendid array from the Eastern Land, the Land of Day, around the great circle. Here in the midst of his Mandareens, the most fantastic of courtiers, bowing and scraping at every step to the most peculiar of music, came the Prince of the Yellow Kingdom. He was borne in his palanquin to the front of the dais and there he stepped forth in all his glory of green and purple and blue and yellow silken garments, and stood haughty and proud as if it were a great condescension for him to appear thus instead of buying his wife at his own august will. But he merely endured to do this because of the customs of the WHITE Race in order to add this gorgeous princess to his harem of wives where she would soon learn her place in submission to his mother who ruled the women of that land with a rod of iron.

The chamberlain stepped out and laid before the White queen a salver of jade bracelets, and boxes in nests from enormous to tiny, inlaid with silver, and then slaves staggered forward bending under the weight of a bale of silks and crèpes richly embroidered. Then the chamberlain made a long and flowery speech, finally demanding the hand of the beautiful maiden in marriage for his august master.

Then came Moondy to the front. He was the chief of the warriors. He asked in a tremendous voice, "Does your master vow solemnly never to love another than our queen should she condescend to accept his offer?"

This question threw the dignitaries and the Mandareens and the chamberlain and even the Yellow Prince himself into confusion. They could not seem to give the proper reply.

"Enough!" roared the old warrior, "Pass on, O Prince!" And so on, they had to go. The king of the land no longer scowled. He felt much better. He was ready to answer that question without a moment's hesitation. With Una for his bride he would never care for any other—and so he instructed his council to reply "Yes," at once when it came their turn.

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Now came the caravan of the Lower Kingdom, headed by the Prince of the Blacks. He was the tallest of them, and he wore a splendid bunch of white ostrich plumes upon his head which added to his magnificence. His robe was of red satin trimmed with gold braid on the edges. Small black boys beat upon tom-toms and played upon shrill musettes, and struck cymbals together making a wonderful accompaniment as they sang weird strains of praise of their own land and how happy the bride would be once she was there, the bride of their master.

Then the slaves advanced and laid before the White queen ornaments of carved ivory, and idols of various sorts and wonderful weaves of cotton skillfully dyed. And the Prime Minister, who understood such matters, came forth and in a loud proclamation told of the honors to be showered upon the lady fair in his land if she would wed with his master.

Once more old Moondy came forward and there was a frown upon his brow as he put his question, and once more the same confusion prevailed.

"Enough!" thundered the doughty warrior, "Pass on! O Prince!"

The king of the land began to smile. Perhaps he would not have to carry off the bride after all.

Hidden in a safe place and heavily veiled from head to foot, sat the Princess Jalassa, listening to all this and smiling also, but with bitterness and envy, and full of the revenge which was to be so sweet to her.

"Soon you shall be pulled down from your proud place, you Fair One of the Golden Locks, and be trod under foot," she was murmuring to herself under her breath each time the warriors said, "Pass on!"

Then came a most gracious group of figures, the gentlemen of the court of the king of the land, and they were wearing silken turbans and costumes of white and gold, and they were advancing to delightful music of sitar and lute and pipe, and bearing a crown upon a velvet cushion which they laid down upon the dais before the Queen of the Bright Ones.

And now the king of the land was bending forward eagerly to hear the decision, for the Vizier had announced his name and that he desired to give her his kingdom if she, the Fair Una, the One and the Only One, would become his bride.

Old Moondy never relaxed his stern brows. He asked the same question as twice before, and this time there was no confusion.

"Our master, the Sovereign of this land, solemnly vows never to love another than Una, the Fair One with Golden Locks, the Queen of the Bright Ones, if she will condescend to wed him," was the response. The king was taking a fresh breath. But lo! and behold ye! here came a new question.

"Does your master, the Sovereign of this land, solemnly vow that he has never loved another than our young queen of the ancient tribe to which we belong?"

They consulted together and then being determined to outwit these old fogies of warriors who stood in the way of the king's cherished plans, the Prime Minister replied, "Our master, the king of this land, solemnly declares that he has never loved another than your young queen of the ancient tribe to which you belong."

The old warrior knit his brows and spoke scornfully, "Yet hath thy lord and master, the king of this land, wives, and children by them! Such

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an insult as this to his wives and children is worthy only of an unthinkable wretch! Such words would he be speaking later of our young queen! For false in one, false in all. Enough, pass on, O king!"

The king's cheek burned in rage. The huntsmen were bidden to be ready for the moment when the ceremony should be announced. For in the distance was seen coming another caravan led by white oxen whose horns were adorned with garlands. And at the front strode a bearded young man with a helmet on his head, from which sprang two white swan wings. He wore a mantle of white wool which fell away from him most gracefully as he advanced, showing a well-knit figure clad in gray homespun.

Slowly on they came, but the Queen of the Bright Ones was leaning forward expectantly. Was this indeed Avenant who was to take her to her beloved Ar-Ya in the land of the Ar-Yans?

Nearer he came, a group of young men and youths and boys with him, and drivers of the oxen, all slowly and gracefully. Una kept her eyes on him steadfastly. She saw that his eyes were blue and his skin was white, and the look on his face was benign and winning. His hair and beard were of a dark brown but presently she observed as he came nearer, that his lashes and eyebrows were black, giving him an intense expression.

Like the sound of a bell came his deep-toned voice as he stood and explained that his master, Prince Ar-Ya of the land of the Ar-Yans, had to remain with his dying father, and so he had been sent to represent him at the Suyamvara and ask for the hand of the Queen of the Bright Ones in marriage.

The young boys he had brought with him came forward and laid their gifts at the feet of Una, and she looked and saw that they were a lambkin and a dove. And then they led up a pair of beautiful white steers yoked to a chariot and presented them to her for her journey across the desert.

She would willingly have seated herself within and have gone with them without another word, but the old warrior, Moondy, placed himself before her to ask his same questions as before.

Proudly the bearded young white man stood and spoke. "My name is Avenant," he said, and then he continued by taking off his helmet and holding it in his left hand while he lifted his right to the skies reverently. "Solemnly I vow for my master, Prince Ar-Ya of the Land of the Ar-Yans, that he will never love another than Una, the Queen of the Bright Ones, whether she becomes his bride or whether she does not, and on that vow I stake my life."

So nobly did Avenant stand there, and so benignly, that all were filled with admiration for him; even the Princess Jalassa had for the moment forgot her revenge at hearing these words of his. And Una, the young queen, stood there in expectation, ready to accept and go upon that journey to that master who had such a faithful subject to represent him.

But Moondy still remained on guard with his second query as before to the other suitors. Avenant answered it thus, "I solemnly vow for my master, Prince Ar-Ya of the land of the Ar-Yans, that he has never loved

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another than Una, the Fair One with the Golden Locks, and on that vow I stake my life, and my honor and all that I am or hope to be."

Then it was at last that Una's brain seemed to comprehend all that the bird had told her. She sat down in her chair of state, and the old warrior turned to her not knowing exactly what to do next. "How shall I know that he is true to my prince?" came back to her mind. "I must prove him."

"Will you prove yourself and your master against these who are assembled here that we may know he is superior to all of them?" asked Moondy, rather unwillingly, it must be confessed, for he was more than pleased with the young man. However, it was the wish of Una, so he went ahead with it, but he was grumbling under his breath. "It's just like a willful girl," he was saying to himself. "She would have gone off with him without asking any questions and now that he has answered them, she wants to make more trouble!"

"I will," spoke Avenant. "What do you desire? By joust, by running in leaps, by throwing the disc or by wrestling?"

Now Una had no wish to see that brave and splendid young man of the Whites disfigured by the cruel hands of the champion of the Prince of the Blacks or the Prince of the Yellows or the champion of the king of that land. Her instinct taught her that they would welcome the opportunity to injure him by foul blows or tricks of any kind. So she chose first the throwing of the disc.

It was a pretty sight to see Avenant swinging off his mantle, and his helmet to the care of the young boys with him, all of whom were fair-skinned like himself.

Meanwhile the champion of the Blacks had won first place, and he threw a good distance. Then came the next and the next, each doing well, but it was Avenant who threw furthest of them all. Then they prepared for the running and it was the same. Avenant won. By this time the king was swarthy with rage; he called hoarsely that they must proye also in wrestling for he had a slave that was reared for that purpose alone. Una arose and tried to prevent it, but the word had been spoken. "What did you start it for?" grumbled old Moondy.

"For Prince Ar-Ya!" said Avenant as he advanced and met the antagonists without a sign of hesitancy; on the contrary he rushed at the first one and took him quite by surprise. The Black was powerfully built but Avenant had more cunning, so he tripped him and put him on the ground. The Yellow had more cunning but Avenant had more power, so threw him over his head and laid him flat. In the wrestler of the king of the land Avenant met his match. They clinched. Together they went pulling, twisting and grappling, each to down the other, but when the king's man threw Avenant over his back he was on his feet as quick as lightning and holding the other in his mighty grasp. Then by unfair means the wrestler sought to end the game by getting a strangling hold on the throat of Avenant, which filled him with such a mighty rage that he threw himself upon the other with such force both came to the ground with a crash and the cruel hands relaxed and the man lay vanquished.

"Long live Ar-Ya," cried the assembled hosts for it was a pretty fight and men love such things, no matter who wins. Avenant turned to the dais where Una sat, and his breath came fast and quick from his mighty

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exertion. She stood and looked at him. He had proved his lord and master to all those people and she loved him for it.

So the warriors agreed that Una had been fairly won, and they then asked her what she desired.

"I wish to wed Prince Ar-Ya of the Land of the Ar-Yans," she said, "and to go to him under escort of Avenant and my own Bright Ones, and to fetch with me my nurse, Resonia, and to take my farewell of all these who have given us home and shelter all these years since I was but a child of three."

So the herald gave forth the announcement and presently all were marching by in twos and threes and fours and waving their hands to her while she was bowing and smiling acknowledgment in return. For you must know that it takes a real queen to bow with graciousness to her subjects.

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CHAPTER V.

THE TREACHERY OF THAT TERRIBLE DAY.

Now this was not what the king of the land had arranged for in the least, nor what Jalassa had planned for. It spoiled everything. However the king would interfere as soon as he could manage it. So he had the herald announcing that the ceremony of marriage between Una and Prince Ar-Ya would take place by proxy in the temple with Avenant as the representative for the Prince, and all should turn in that direction.

The poor old warriors were dunderheads in a way—so they went in a body to the dais of the king of that land to explain to him that he had made a mistake—there was to be no marriage there at all, for they proposed to see their young queen wed to her Prince at first hand at the end of her journey, and they were going to start right away and not trouble him any more, but thank him for all he had done.

So this was the great moment for all the treachery of that terrible day.

Princess Jalassa had crept in behind the old nurse and as quick as a wink, she had her slaves seizing her and Una and smothering them in sacks drawn over their heads, and handing them to the Prince of the Blacks to carry away—all in an instant like lightning out of clear skies. Then she threw her own black veil over one of her women and had her take the place of the nurse, while she herself stood there in white and silver, all veiled in white, which she drew over her face carefully, in the very spot on the dais where the Fair One with Golden Locks had been but the second before. Upon herself was a wig of long golden tresses made from dyed wool, so that at first sight no one could have told the difference, only that she was long and lean and lanky in build and beneath the veil were thick lips and flat features.

Then came the huntsmen on a rush, in too much haste to notice the difference, and they seized the false Una and fled with her to the forest to the lodge of the king. Jalassa was well pleased with all her success for she had driven Una away from the kingdom and her brother the king would never see her again.

The only trouble was that the huntsmen had forgotten to take the false nurse along with them, thus the news would get out the sooner. But the huntsmen thought if they had the bride the old nurse did not matter.

When the warriors returned and found no Una, they were dumb with astonishment. The one who pretended she was the nurse pointed to the temple and they strode there to find all the people in a state of confusion for Avenant stood there alone. Then back they marched on a double-quick to ask the nurse further, and found her about to depart. They pulled off her black veil and found she was but a mockery.

Those doughty men with their golden circlets on their foreheads and with their bright beards and waving tresses, ran hither and thither seeking Avenant, but Avenant was no more to be seen. Nor could they find the king of the land. When they knew treachery had been dealt them, and that their beloved young queen whom they had served all their

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lives had been stolen from them, the veins stood out on their foreheads like knotted cords. What if harm should befall her? What if evil should be in the hearts of the despoilers? They grew calm with the calmness of death.

The different caravans were slowly making ready to go on their various journeys. They consulted with each other in a quick counsel. Two would go with each caravan in disguise as drivers, two would stay in the city, the rest would follow the king to the death. For they felt certain that it was he who had planned and carried out the deed of darkness.

So it was done and each went to his task with silent but tremendous energy. Those who were to follow the king had lost much time but they divided up and with the swiftness of bloodhounds tracked him, and thus came at last to the lodge in the forest. On the hedge was a piece of white-and-silver tissue, and a lock of golden hair which they snatched to gaze upon, but in an instant they were thrown into confusion seeing that the tress was but dyed lamb's wool.

"A trick to deceive us," they cried and hastened the faster.

There were the huntsmen all within in gay array, laughing and drinking and singing ribald songs as they drank to the health of the bride. So the warriors broke in upon their revels and slew them all in their terrible rage, and then broke in through the inner door of the inner room and found, what? It was Jalassa, in all her foolish finery, ragged and torn, and the yellow wig was lying on the floor, and she was laughing, laughing and talking gibberish as she pointed to the floor where lay the king of the land with a knife in his heart. When he discovered how he had been cheated of his bride, he had struck her down to the earth, and she had snatched at his hunting-knife as she fell and had sprung at him and had taken his life, and her own reason had fled.

It was a terrible end to that wonderful day of splendor and color and marching hosts and moving caravans of other lands. Sadly the warriors returned to tell the dreadful news, while still hunting for their young queen.

But no word could they get. Where was she, that Fair One with Golden Locks? And the awful story caused a panic in that city by the desert, and when the body of the king of that land was brought in, it was met by the wives and children who spat upon it and cursed his name and prayed it might be *mentioned never more* for his disowning of them. And the men rose upon one side and the other and slew each other and the caravan-people hastened to escape, one to the East, one to the South, and the third toward the West.

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CHAPTER VI.

WHERE WAS AVENANT?

The warriors sought the caravan of Avenant and it was already on its way, the oxen now despoiled of their garlands and every one disheveled and disordered as he went away from that city in haste. Where was Avenant? No one knew.

They had no leader and simply got away expecting him to catch up with them when they halted at nightfall.

Two men in disguise came forth and assured them, the main body of Una's men who were asking these questions—that this was the truth. They were the two warriors told off to seek the caravan of Avenant. So then these two joined the others to go back in search of both Avenant and Una, the Queen of the Bright Ones, as well as her nurse, old Resonia, who might yet be found in either of the other two caravans. First, then, they went toward the East, running swiftly to discover what the two warriors there might have to tell them of the lost ones.

The procession of the Yellow Kingdom had come to a halt. Something evidently was the matter. As they arrived at the scene they found there was a fierce conflict going on over the possession of a pearl necklace and a crown of gold set with diamonds, rubies and emeralds—the very one that had been laid at the feet of the Fair One as she sat on the dais that morning in her bridal array. And the necklace also had been hers, clasped about her throat only a few hours before. Also there were ivory carvings, and the idols and a bale of softest cottons of African weave.

The warriors did not stop to ask any questions. They simply joined in the battle, and when they had finished, a score of men of yellow faces lay upon the ground dead or sorely wounded, among the latter of whom was the Prince of the Yellow Kingdom who had come to get him a peerless bride, and now had a broken crown for all his pains.

He tried to explain that some of his bale-bearers had seen the treasures lying there abandoned upon the dais, after the flight of the bride, and had merely gathered them up for safe-keeping, but when the news of the death of the king of that land had been brought back to the city, they did not know to whom to give them. So they were fighting among themselves to see who should have the honor of carrying them back to present to the lord chamberlain.

Very wily and cunning was the Yellow Prince, and the warriors were about to believe him, for they were honest fellows themselves, when the two disguised Bright Ones came forth and revealed the fact that they, in searching for evidence of the lost ones, had themselves uncovered the necklace and crown, which then had become the cause of the contention, each one claiming the spoils as his.

Very glad was the Prince of the Yellow Kingdom to yield up these treasures and be allowed to continue his journey in peace, but he was questioned closely as to the presence there of the lost ones and gave full permission to examine everything to prove his words that Avenant nor anyone else besides the disguised warriors, was there hidden in their caravan.

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So it appeared, for not a sign of any living thing could be discovered there that was not their own. So with apologies for the violence done, the warriors took their departure carrying between them all the treasures which had been stolen from the city by the desert.

But as they began to race on their journey to the South, leaving all behind them, the Yellow Prince called after them thus: "We shall meet again some day, ye villains of the White Race, and the longer delayed, the greater my malignity!"

But those poor old warriors had only one thought to keep them alive, and that was to find their young queen. What did they care for themselves? Simply nothing. To protect the young and the innocent and the aged was their whole idea of existence. For what else were they made so strong and so mighty?

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CHAPTER VII.

"WE WANT OUR LAMBKIN AND OUR DOVE."

At last they caught up with the caravan of the Prince of the Black Kingdom, for the camels were lying down, and they had come to a halt, and the twilight was dying down in the darkness. Little fires were burning here and there, and tall blacks were preparing food over them for the feeding of the followers.

The warriors pretended—yes, at last, they got up a tale of some sort about wanting to buy something from them, a camel or a black slave-boy, or anklets or a tambourine or almost anything, even an idol, each one going around on his own hook looking hither and thither and peeping within the curtains of the tents and searching for the lost ones secretly. For they had resolved not to mention the name of their young queen, not even in a breath. It was too sacred to speak in such a place. Whether they found her and her nurse or not, that name should never be spoken. They would not admit it to be possible that such a terrible thing as her being stolen away by blacks could happen.

They would be torn to pieces by wild beasts before they would admit it. So you can see they had to be rather clever to get what they wanted without asking for it.

The first thing was to find the two disguised warriors who were already there with faces blacked up to match those among whom they were. But even they, when discovered, had no clue to give them whatever of the lost ones.

"The only thing that seems strange," spoke one, "is a black driver of the camels, and he goes about saying something I cannot understand as if talking to each tent as he passes."

"Show him to us," said Moondy, the chief warrior. So they watched and waited and followed when this driver of camels was pointed out to them. He was tall, clad in a long gray robe, on his head was drapery with turban on top, and such of his face as showed, which was the upper part, was black. There was certainly something mysterious about him, for although he attended to the needs of the camels, every few moments he would stray away and seek another tent. The Bright Ones followed and listened.

Presently the gray-robed sheik or whatever he was, approached a tent and leaning forward as if listening for reply, spoke thus: "Fear not, O queen—" and the rest of it would be too low in utterance for them to make out.

They were much puzzled by this strange performance so they kept on following. At last one of them caught the other words—"Avenant is here."

The poor old warriors were staggered as it dawned on them that here was the lost Avenant, at any rate, and he was seeking for her, their hearts' treasure, and her nurse, even as they were. So the two who were disguised even as he was, approached him and held out their hands to him silently and he spoke no word, but touched his lip significantly and went on his way as before.

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Then they heard a bleat from within a tent and the coo of a dove. The tall, gray figure stooped low and spoke with thrilling utterance: "Fear not, O queen, Avenant is here." They listened with all their hearts.

Then came the sound as of a bird when startled in the nest, which was a well-known signal to them from the days when they all were fleeing from the terrible Something in the land of Sunrise.

"It is she," they said and their brave hearts beat faster yet with relief at the welcome sound of that precious note of response, and the salt tears filled their eyes and rolled down their cheeks and wet their beards. Then they clenched their mighty fists and were for smashing down that tent, before you could say "Jack Robinson." That was their way, poor fellows.

But Avenant smiled at them under his blackened visage.

"Let us be honest with each other," he said, "but with enemies we must be clever." They knew this was good advice, so yielded and accepted him as their captain.

"How many are we?" asked Avenant in a low voice. He did not want to stop to count them for himself.

"Thirty-nine of us and one of you," said Moondy, stupidly.

"Then that makes forty," said Avenant with another smile. "We must all hang together or we shall all hang apart. Come! is it a bargain?"

Solemnly they all shook hands with him and each other.

"How many of the enemy?" he asked one of the disguised ones.

"One hundred and twenty—"

"Then that makes three men apiece for us and three more—who'll take four?" Each hand was lifted to the skies in witness, so that the three extra ones to be dealt with might well be trembling in their sandals if only they knew it.

Now of course the Prince of the Blacks was no fool. Forty men could not be colleaguing like this alongside of his caravan in the dark, and actually knock down and drag out himself and his escort and camel-drivers without their knowing it, all at one fell swoop as if they were so many bags of straw! Not at all. They were not only flesh and blood but tremendous fighters themselves. They generally won at first by the crude strength of their brute force. It was only by the long endurance and greater stamina of the Whites that they could overcome the Blacks in the battle finally. In other words the Whites could worry the Blacks longer than the Blacks could worry the Whites, for that was their great point. Often the Whites did not know that they were beaten and kept on and on until the other side was so tired of them, they were glad to give up just to get rid of them. Their enemies just got tired seeing them around and let them win on purpose. This is a "true" fact. It has happened more than once.

Of course the Prince of the Blacks knew something was going on. So as it was evident that his presence was needed, what wonder at that moment that himself and his men should be appearing on the scene with drawn scimitars or bludgeons or spears or whatever weapon first came to hand (only not guns because there were no guns in those days) and demanding what was the matter.

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So of course, to gain time, the old warriors with white faces kept up their first tale that they wanted to buy some ivory or gimcracks of some kind from the caravan, and then the Prince of the Blacks, in his grand ostrich plumes, of course would laugh at them. And then suddenly while Moondy was palavering and saying, "We came for our dove and our lambkin and we are going to have them. We went to the other caravan and got what they stole from us and now we want what you've got"—the others would pounce on the Prince and his chief man and try to take them prisoners.

At once the alarm would be given to the men of the caravan and a lot of fellows would come running to help.

"We want our lambkin and our dove," the warriors would keep on insisting like a strange new battle-cry in the midst of the confusion.

But meanwhile the Prince with his plumes would be yanked off in the darkness while he was still fighting, and the poor old warriors would get some cuts and the Prince would get banged around, but it would not hurt his skull to pound it, so he would thrash around and nearly free himself, and then a quick foot would trip him, and down he would go like a log with a warrior on top of him to hold him. But presently he would roll over and the warrior be underneath.

Then the others of the one hundred and twenty men were fighting too, only I remember now that some of them were boys, so of course they would hide out of harm's way till all was over. They always find boys in corners after a battle comes to an end. Nobody wants to hurt a boy, that is why they bear such charmed lives.

Only in this instance a strange thing happened. A slim little fellow came out from a certain tent running, bearing in his arms a dove and a lambkin, and handed them to the first warrior he saw, and then ran back again leading a camel with him.

"Now we want our bird and our knitter," cried each of the Bright Ones, more fiercely than before when he had been yelling for his dove and his lambkin. By this he would not speak the sacred name of his young queen, but start the cry for her and her nurse just the same.

From the other side of the tent there came out another boy and another and another with their arms full of salvers and jade bracelets and bales of embroidered silks and with them two figures swathed in black, scarcely to be seen in the darkness, and the boy with the camel still leading it along—as they hastened away all together on the back-track whence the caravan had come, heading for the city near the desert.

Still the cry went up from those who did not know what had happened, "We want our lambkin and our dove," varied by the cries of others who were now demanding, "We want our bird and our knitter."

But the boys went on bravely with the camel, and after a while it was made to kneel while the two bundles in black got on and took their goods and the bales with them, and still the boys went on into the distance. There were about ten of them, bright-eyed, slim little fellows, so that left only one hundred and ten to be settled with, back at the caravan.

It was an awful affair. I don't admire blood-letting myself. But people who like that sort of thing will find so much of this later on that they will be perfectly satisfied before they finish with this fairy history of

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the White Man. When all was over, it was much like what had happened at the other caravan; some were dead, some badly wounded, among whom was the Prince of the Blacks. He was too weak to say much.

He let the warriors—and two of them would fight no more, poor fellows, for they were among the slain!—he let the ones who were still able to clamor for their lost ones go into all the tents seeking her who was more precious than dove or lambkin.

Avenant and the two disguised ones passing for blacks had come out of the fray as strong as when they went in. They carried the dove and the lambkin with them, but saw no sign of her whom they sought nor of her faithful nurse.

In despair they returned to the Prince and threatened to finish him if he did not yield up the secret. So the whole story came out about Jalassa, and how she had plotted against her brother, and how she had been the cause of the deed of darkness.

"But where are they now?" demanded Avenant.

Weak and spent with all he had gone through and fearing the further wrath of these terrible warriors, the Prince of the Blacks feigned to swoon with terror.

At this moment, a driver came up and told of the loss of a camel and ten small boys. The warriors and their captain held a council. Was this a trick or not, to get them to go away?

"Is it like her to do a thing like this?" asked Avenant, who of course was not at all acquainted with the ways of women and girls.

"Yes," replied old Moondy, "she ordered our march when she was but a child of three. Doubtless she has taken flight with her nurse while we were engaged, and has retained these boys as escort." Then it was discovered that the bales of silks and the jade ornaments were missing also.

Two of the poor old warriors winked at each other. "She always did know what she was about," they murmured.

So the Bright Ones and Avenant then offered their apologies to the Prince of the Blacks, who no more wore proudly his white ostrich plumes, but was all battered and banged and in rags from all his terrible battling, and so glad to see them departing that he generously offered them the missing camel with all its load and escort, should they happen to meet it in their travels.

So they wished him a safe journey, and after girding themselves up for a new quest in search of the lost ones, they fell into order like a battalion might and went forth in a quick-stepping march toward the city by the desert.

"May earthquakes open before you," roared the Prince of the Blacks after them when they could no longer hear. "May volcanoes pour down their lava upon you, may floods overtake you and storms destroy you, ye accursed White villains of the WHITE RACE!"

And he went on his way to tell all whom he met, of the perfidy of the White Man and the miserable end of his quest.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE APPROACH AND THE FAREWELL TO THE CITY OF JALASSA.

It was now approaching dawn. A tremendous quivering of light fell athwart the earth, as the rosy and the purple clouds parted and the great sun rolled up like a golden chariot-wheel from the caves of darkness to cross the brilliant blue of the heavens once more. In the silence on that lonely road no sound was heard save of marching feet.

Sometimes they would stop and mount one upon another's shoulders to look ahead as from a watch-tower.

"What do you see, Brother mine?" would be the call to the highest one.

"I see a little cloud of dust." So they would tumble down one after another from the watchman-tower, hurry the faster and then try it again.

"What do you see now, Brother mine?"

"I see a camel and it is surrounded by an escort of boys and it is well loaded.

They fairly raced after this, in spite of all their weariness and sorrow at the loss of two of their beloved champions left behind—but it was the living first before the dead that claimed them.

So they approached and surrounded the small caravan of one camel and ten drivers, which yet was more precious to them than another a mile long composed of hundreds of camels each loaded with diamonds and pearls.

As they caught up, one of those mounted upon the camel drew back her hood and veil of black and scanned them over quickly. Did she note that some of her warriors were lacking?—for two were gone, three had black faces, two had yellow faces. If so, they never knew. She said only this: 'Where is Avenant?"

Old Moondy, chief of the warriors, finding her safe and sound after all their agonies in searching for her, took refuge in silence. Maybe he was thinking of the two who would march with them no more.

And the others followed his example, for they were all worn out and began to feel how hollow their stomachs were all at once.

"I asked you, father, where is Avenant?" she demanded imperiously. For of course it was Una, the queen of the Bright Ones.

"Where should he be but in his own caravan on its way to the land of the Ar-Yans," spoke Moondy for he thought it just as well to keep his presence a secret for awhile; any way he had had nothing to eat for such a long time he felt cross and did not want anything to interfere with getting something to eat as soon as possible.

"Bid the camel to kneel," spoke Una to one of the boys. You might wonder how they could understand her when they had a different language. But then a woman has all languages at her command when it comes to talking to the young. There is an archaic speech that belongs to childhood which we all know in the beginning the same as creeping but which we leave off after we leave babyhood behind us. But all natural girls and women who love the young can always remember this old-

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fashioned kind of talk when there is need for it. Besides these little fellows wanted to serve her, the same as did all who ever came to know her, and that was why they had helped her to escape even from their own people. They felt her wonderful power and were glad to do as she bade them. And many a time in later days have we seen this same faithfulness.

When Una had stepped to the ground and had found a resting-place for her nurse, she bade these faithful little boys to build her a fire and then to get the water-bottles from the camel, which was done quickly.

She came forward and busied herself brewing something over the fire and Avenant noticed that she stirred it with a dagger she took from her dress. And he wondered. Nevertheless, in his darkened visage and costume of a sheik or camel-driver he shrank from sight, and kept very obscure in his place behind the other warriors.

They were sitting down comfortably on the ground saying nothing but watching her hungrily and thirstily for they were sore and bruised and nearly broken to pieces. They were great fighters but she was the great soother.

Soon she passed the cup to the little fellows who handed it around, and then the unleavened bread she gave them from a basket she had provided from the tent of the caravan, for she always knew beforehand what would be needed for her warriors, and presently they all felt better.

"What is this? Blood?" she murmured, touching the arm of one and the brow of another, and at once she began to bind up the wounds with a piece of linen she tore from her inner garment.

All at once the lamb bleated and the dove cooed.

"That is well," she said, "I would not have lost them for the world."

Then she noticed the ivory ornaments, the salvers, the bale of silks they had brought along and thrown down on the ground, also the crown of gold of the king of the land. And she shivered and turned pale and would have fallen only that the one she called "father" held her safely.

"What do you with these?" she asked.

"They are the spoils of war," was his grim answer.

"Nay, they are nothing but stolen goods," she insisted, "and we must give them back."

"That is impossible," replied Moondy. "Besides, the Prince of the Yellow Kingdom is far away by now and being wounded cares not to see us; the Prince of the Blacks is badly wounded and wishes never to behold us again, and besides"—here his voice broke—poor old warrior—trying to appear harder-hearted than he was, "besides they have killed two of our Brothers who lie slain in the midst of *their* slain, and the king of the land is dead by the hand of his sister, and she, Jalassa, is bereft of her reason. The city is in a tumult and it is not safe to venture there again. Besides we are spent and worn."

"Sleep then," she said, "and we will see about it."

So they lay down and slept and took on new life. When they wakened she had another cup of brew for them, and more unleavened bread and a few nuts and dried figs which refreshed them. So they came to themselves once more.

All this while the Wise Woman, Una's nurse, went on with her

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knitting, for she was working all this history into her web for future reference.

It makes no difference what was said or done, the fact remains that they all went on to the city near the desert at the behest of the young Queen and there every one stood in amazement to see her once more, returning on a white camel surrounded by the small black boys and the warriors.

The very sight of her gave them a thrill. Her courage gave them courage. They all had had a terrible time in that city of dissension and no one knew what to do. The sons of the dead king by the different mothers had arisen against each other in rivalry and all were slain. Who was there left to be king in the dead king's place?

The cry arose for Avenant and Una to reign as king and queen over them.

"Avenant is far away with his caravan," spoke Una (still sitting upon her white camel). "He is false to his trust for he promised to take me to my beloved Prince Ar-Ya of the land of the Ar-Yans. But I have given my promise to my lord and master and I will go to him escorted by my own faithful warriors. I have brought you back your crown—and to you I give all the gifts laid at my feet for your new queen—the bales of silk, the cottons of strange weave, the ivory carvings and the jade bracelets and salvers of beaten silver, all the caskets of jewels the king of the land bestowed on me. You will find the caskets safely buried in my garden under the potted plants. All I ask in exchange are my own linens and cottons I have myself woven and dyed, and my own materials hidden beneath in the cellar where I resided in the palace-garden those years of my childhood. For my Prince of Ar-Ya is poor and I do not wish to go to him empty-handed."

Filled with wonder and amazement, more and more every moment, at this bestowal upon them of the gifts given to herself, by the young Queen of the Bright Ones, they heartily cheered her name and brought to her many other things of a lasting, useful nature to add to her store, which seemed to give her great satisfaction—fine wools and chuddah and camel's hair and soft cottons.

Still the people were leaderless, and not knowing what to do.

Una felt sorry for them for they had always been kind to her.

"Why do you not take your Prime Minister and his wife for your king and queen?" she suggested. "They know exactly what to do to run the government until you get somebody you like better."

They thought it a good idea and led them forth and gave them the crowns and rich gifts to preserve for the future, and the new king ordered the bell to be rung in token of peace, and all the people came to order.

At the end of the procession through the street came a pair of white oxen yoked together with garlands on their horns, pulling the soft-cushioned chariot which had been presented to Una the day before, together with the dove and the lambkin.

Everybody was looking as it came to a halt before Una, who was still perched up on her camel with all its burden and her nurse behind her, and Avenant stepped forth and said, "Queen of the Bright Ones, your chariot awaits you."

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Well, what could she say after that? Imagine how she must have felt after telling all those people he was false to his trust—and there he was all the time.

The camel stooped down and knelt, and she got off and so did her nurse, and they stepped into the chariot which was much more comfortable than that wiggly old camel with its hump to ride on. And the people put many nice things into her wedding-chest, and some other things for the journey, and she thanked them a thousand times. By this moment, her black mantle had fallen back and her glorious cloak of golden rain had swung around her, and she was smiling to every one—every one save Avenant. But Avenant stood there stern and severe.

"What will you do with your camel and your escort of boys from the caravan of the Prince of the Black Kingdom, O Queen," he spoke in a loud compelling voice so all could hear. "Are they the spoils of war or are they"— but he was kind enough to stop there and not add, "stolen goods."

"Is there not some caravan bound for the same kingdom soon?" asked Una of the people (of course she would not ask Avenant), and they said there was.

She spoke in a very stately way as befits a queen and said as follows: "Will you then send with my compliments this camel and these boys to the Prince of the Black Kingdom, and express to him my grateful thanks for his great consideration?" Then to each of the boys she gave a gift enough to purchase his freedom, for they were slaves. And when they had reached their own land once more they spread the marvelous tales of the beauty and grace and generosity of the Fair One with Golden Locks everywhere they went, and the tales descended to their children's children till they offset the curses sent after the old warriors by the Prince of the Blacks, and instead, evoked blessings upon her head.

So now there was nothing to detain them. All the warriors were washed and cleaned and provided with useful packs of food and needfuls for the journey. The dove and the lambkin were in the chariot, the dove on Una's shoulder and the lambkin against her knee. Everyone thought it a beautiful sight. Meanwhile the Wise Women went on with her bright needles knitting history.

So Avenant walked ahead, and the warriors followed behind, on each side of the chariot guarding, and thus they passed from that land ever more on toward that beloved WEST which had always called them, even from the years long before. And the name of the king of that land was forgotten as the wives and children had prayed it would be. But as for the sister of the king, her name remained. In long after years when anyone hated another because of her beauty or gifts, it became the custom to say, "Now don't be jealous like Jalassa or her fate will be yours."

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CHAPTER IX.

BOUND FOR THE LAND OF AR-YA.

When they arrived that night at the caravan which was waiting for them, all was joy and delight. Everyone was greeting Avenant and hailing him with such expressions of gratitude for his safety and escape from all the dangers which had assailed him, that Una almost felt herself slighted. Of course she had always occupied the center of attention and it seemed strange to her to hear some one else being made of more importance than she was.

But to tell the truth she and her warriors were strangers among them, the Ar-Yans, as yet—with all save Avenant himself. And he was busy preparing for their arduous journey across the desert. There would have to be food and water for man and beast, and weapons ready in case of an attack from unexpected enemies. He delayed and sent back to the city of Jalassa, as they grew to call that place, for more supplies in order to feel sure he was right before he went ahead.*

Meanwhile was Una, the Queen of the Bright Ones, idle while all this was going on? Not at all. She had been getting ready for this moment all her life. She had turned her ox-chariot into a sort of tent for herself and her nurse, old Resonia, who never ceased knitting at her web, and had packed her things away carefully into the smallest compass possible, and had taken off her finery (which by this time was in shreds of course after all she had been through and most inappropriate for such a journey for it was all silken tissue and spangles). But things were different from what they had been the day previous, and she now appeared in such a change of costume that it altered her as if she were another being, and made Avenant give a start of surprise when he passed and saw her in the midst of her warriors.

And she was so absorbed she scarcely seemed to see him at all, for she was binding up their wounds and giving them their good brew and cakes of unleavened bread to keep them in good condition as usual.

It was no wonder he gave a start. Instead of a fairylike queen with a shower of golden rain falling about her, and in spangled net and silk, or even wound up in a black cloak enclosing all that inner radiance, what did he see? There before his eyes was a stern young queen in a severe costume of dark material undoubtedly made of wool, with a little jacket of black velvet edged with silver (for she always had a leaning to brightness in the working of her mind). There was a gay striped apron tied about her waist, and on her head was a stiff little cap of red with a point at the top and two sides like wings turned up, lined with black—something like a picturesque sunbonnet. At any rate it kept the sun from shining on her head and eyes and yet did not interfere with her hearing, which is the only thing against that ancient head-gear. Down her back hung two great braids of that gorgeous golden hair which the world has not ceased to rave over ever since.

How Avenant longed to join the warriors and enjoy a cup of that

*"Be sure you're right then go ahead," was also a saying used by Davy Crockett, a descendant of this race.

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good brew which she had stirred with her dagger, and which she knew so well how to give forth at the right moment! But he knew his duty to Prince Ar-Ya and resolved to be faithful to his trust. The Queen of the Bright Ones was to be taken safely to his lord and master, and he needed all his senses to get that caravan across the desert.

So he merely bowed to her politely, asked after her health and excused himself when she asked him to join her warriors and went on to see if his oxen were all right. He looked back once, pretending he was reckoning the time of day, from the place the sun was shining in the heavens (for they had no clocks nor watches in those days) and he saw her with her dove on her shoulder and the lambkin following her, and he saw that she was reckoning the time, too, with her hand held to shade her eyes as she gazed upward.

So he turned and went his way.

On the next day, all was propitious for the journey. Avenant had over sixty men and boys, and Una had now thirty-seven warriors. They got an early start before the sun had appeared and there were only rosy tintings in the East to illumine the way as the word was given, and the warriors began the chant for the forward march. It was a seven-days' journey to the land of Ar-Ya up in the highlands on the other side of the desert, that was now before them, and the Bright Ones were very joyous to be once more marching to the West.

So they chanted their splendid old songs of days past, as they went, and even the animals lowed with pleasure to the cadence of their measures.

For four days all went well. And then Avenant began to look worried. He saw signs of a simoom approaching. He ordered all the caravan to come to a stop and to gather together in a bunch with Una's chariot in the center. Then the men worked mightily throwing up a breast-work of sand on the side where the terrible sand-storm was sweeping toward them like an angry monster of black edged with red, blotting out the sun, breathing forth sinister sounds as on it hurled itself upon all in its path.

They were none too soon in their work. For with a fierce roar as of a mighty beast of the air, it passed overhead, burying them in the sand and nearly beating the life out of them. When it was over it was found that some of the animals and some of the men had perished, among the latter several of Una's warriors who would march no more to their beloved West, and she leaned over them and chafed their hands and put water to their white lips and tried to call them back to life—all in vain.

Then it was that the remaining Bright Ones gathered around her and knelt down and begged her not to grieve for those who were lost, but to live for them until they had taken her safely to Prince Ar-Ya.

But she sat there pale and weeping over her dead. For this is the part of womanhood—she must meet sorrow as well as joy in her course from day to day. And those who have glass-hearts must break, but they of sterner material endure and endure and give forth strength to others.

At last Moondy, the chief of them all, ventured to address her in a new way. "One Mother of the warriors," said he, solemnly, "watch over us who are yet alive, for if you should die, we all shall perish from off the earth and then what will become of our race, which has taken thousands of years longer to evolve than any other?"

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Una closed her cerulean eyes a second, then she steadied herself. "You are right, Moondy! Bury them while I sing their death-chant." And it was done. But from that moment they called her our "Una Materna."

The next day came another trouble. The chief of the Ar-Yan caravan became jealous of the position that Moondy held with Avenant. He did everything he could to annoy him. And at last he struck him a foul blow. Nobody could expect Moondy to submit to a thing like that of course, and in a few moments the Ar-Yan lay dead at his feet.

Avenant acted as the judge. He called them all together and bade them look upon the terrible consequences of White fighting White when they all were needed to help each other instead. He warned them against jealousy and envy and covetousness and assured them that destruction would be their share unless they could learn to unite for the common good. He told them that the Blacks, the Browns and the Yellows were leagued against their survival and that the Whites would be wiped out if they did not stand together.

He declared that both his chief and the chief of Una's warriors were to blame; that now one lay dead, and to do absolute justice he would have to banish Moondy from the caravan, and if any others followed their example they also would be driven out from amongst them—that he would not permit any more fighting, as they needed their full strength in order to cross the desert in safety, and the next one to start a quarrel would be banished even as he had now to banish Moondy.

Silence reigned as the warrior took his leave of Una Materna and his fellow Bright Ones, and strode forth from among them out into the desert alone.*

For now there were only thirty-three of them remaining, and only fifty-four men and boys of the Ar-Yans. No more did the splendid chant of the Bright Ones go up in measured cadence as they went on their way. A strange silence was upon them all.

*The same thing happened when the Donner Party crossed the plains of the American continent in 1846, and one of the leaders was banished from the wagon-train in consequence.

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CHAPTER X.

AT THE WELL IN THE DESERT.

Two days later the water gave out and they stopped to find a well which they would have reached the day before if they had not had so many delays. Avenant hurried on and at last he found it. Leaving several of the boys there to guard the place while he returned to guide the caravan thither, he noticed signs of camels and another procession of men on the far horizon, doubtless seeking the same safe refuge.

He reached the head of his own caravan and hurried them to the precious spot. Hardly had they gained it and refreshed man and beast when the leader of the other band appeared.

This being was evidently the chief of a wild tribe. He was ferocious of aspect. His face was yellow. Wiry hair was on his head and his face. His cheek bones were like knots in a rope, and his small eyes were set in his skull on a slant. His nose was short and flat with large nostrils. Insolently he demanded that Avenant should yield to him in the name of his master the Great Emperor. To gain time, Avenant asked what was the name of his master. Meanwhile he had whistled his call of warning, and the warriors had surrounded Una Materna, for they all had an understanding in case of attack, that they would preserve her until the last man died fighting.

Behind the leader came his awful horde, but they were received with sharp spears and heavy clubs and sling-shots which took them somewhat by surprise. They were wily however and divided into three parts and attacked the Ar-Yans on three sides at once. It became a hand-to-hand conflict. The horde carried sharp stone-knives, and soon had cut down the Ar-Yans before they could flail them with their clubs. They outnumbered them three to one so it looked as if the terrible Tartarians were going to destroy them forever.

But there came the cry as of a bird above the din. And before any one could prevent her, as if in answer to that bird-call came Una Materna forth, with that shower of golden rain falling about her in all its glory as she stepped out into the midst of the fighting.

"Strike me," she cried, "and let me die gloriously for my tribe. For why should they perish to save me?"

At the sight of this magnificent being, like an angel in their midst and so unlike themselves, the slant-eyed creatures fell back and ceased to give battle. In the lull that followed so miraculously, she cried out to draw attention to the coming of another caravan—for she had recognized the well-known bird-note that had come from afar, for a true woman has an inner hearing and an inner sight that no man has. And so in a second she had bounded away like a fawn and was running in a swift race toward this new advancing host, while both sides looked on stupidly.

The Tartarians were now being attacked afresh by the Ar-Yans, for since they no longer had to preserve Una Materna, they fell upon their enemy with ferocity such as the White Man can give way to, when times like these arise.

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When the new caravan arrived which it did in haste, the foes found themselves surrounded by Whites on all sides and were ruthlessly slain till only a few managed to get away and escape from the carnage.

At the head of the new caravan stood Moondy, the Chief of the Bright Ones.* He had met them coming from the land of Ar-Ya to discover why Avenant had been so delayed, and had led them to the well in the desert knowing that it was there they should camp on their onward journey, their supply of water having been exhausted because of the sandstorm. But for this information the Ar-Yan Whites would not have arrived in time to save them from the Tartarians, and thus the most precious of the White Race would have been slain and all history changed in consequence.

Avenant put his finger to his lips on meeting the band of Prince Ar-Ya who had come to his relief. "Brothers," he said addressing them sternly, "we have paid dearly. It is no time for rejoicing."

But after they had counted the dead and the living and had found how dearly the enemy had paid also, then Avenant remarked briefly: "When Ar-Yan joins Ar-Yan then comes the tug of war."

Not more than twenty-five of his men and boys were alive, and of those splendid old warriors with their golden circlets on their brows, all were lying cold in death but seven. With Moondy at the head of them they answered to the roll-call with the tears silently rolling down their cheeks and on to their beards, and still keeping Una Materna in their midst, as if with her there, in spite of everything yet that they were still triumphant.

The new Ar-Yans had only wounded men to care for, and already Moondy had become their chief, so by this terrible devastation and sacrifice of men, of both sides together, all were united so to remain to the end of the chapter. What a pity the chapter could not be the story of the whole book! What a sorrowful thing that the ancient city of Jalassa should have sent forth its miserable spirit to poison the founts of being from that early period of the history of man up to the present time!

All that is left to us is to wear a charm of some kind to keep each fellow of us immune to these germs of hatefulness which nearly destroy a beautiful world.

*In the same way the banished leader returned to the relief of the Donner Party months after, when misfortune befell them to such an extent that the entire train was caught in the snow in the high Sierras and many starved and froze to death on one side of the mountains while it was a smiling green country on the other side. This leader helped many to escape. So we see that history repeats itself, even thousands of years apart in the descendants of the Ar-Yans.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE NOBLE SEVEN.

Seriously and solemnly the new caravan took up its march a few days later, and Moondy and his six warriors raised their voices in a chant of sorrow for their lost comrades as on they went. They were splendid stalwart men still, with their bronze beards and heads showing now a touch of frost under the golden circlet about their brows.

There has been much discussion about the names of the "Noble Seven" as they were now called, but as nearly as can be discovered by study of ancient lore, they answered to these titles: Moondy, the chief warrior whom we already know, and the others were Toody, Wody, Tordy, Freedy, Tattady and Tundy.

In after years people worshiped them as gods and finally named the days of the week after them out of gratitude for their noble services to mankind. That is why we still spell Wednesday with a "d." Moondy wore a small crescent of a moon on the golden circlet on his brow, Toody had lost a hand as a result of his tremendous fighting so they put a five-pointed star on his band to stand for it. Wody had a raven for his sign, Tordy had such a mighty blow to give with his fist that they called him "The Hammerer," and so he wore a golden mallet on the front of his crest. Freedy was a great one for helping Una Materna with her leaven and her spinning. So he chose a bunch of wheat to wear on his circlet, and carried a spindle in his hand, for he was a great helper in the needful things of everyday life as well as being a fighter when necessary. Tattady took charge of things to see that they were safe, so he decided on having a key for his symbol. Tundy saw to it that everybody came to order once a week and minded his "p's" and "q's," and did differently on that day from any other, and to give him to understand that this was a very important matter he selected the most powerful thing in the world, or known to the world, as his emblem. And that was a semblance of the sun itself with shining rays extending from the edges. It kept him busy polishing and brightening this disc of gold so that no one should forget that particular day of days, but this was afterwards when they all had settled down in the land of Ar-Ya. But there is so much to tell of other things later on, that this has to be told here, right in this place.

On they went wearily with all their sorrows, such as most of us have to bear on our life's journey. But one great joy of expectancy was still theirs, such as most of us have, too, to lead us on from day to day. And that was the moment when Una Materna was to meet with Prince Ar-Ya in the land of the Ar-Yans.

Would he find her less beautiful than he had pictured her or more so?

Would she see in him that noble portraiture of a man of which she had so fondly dreamed? even sterner than Avenant to the foe? even gentler than Avenant to herself? Can we not all remember some one man who has been to us as much a measure of a man as this? I know that I can. If I had not I could not have told this story.

So as they neared the edge of the desert, the Seven Bright Ones

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raised their voices in chants more joyous in preparation for the meeting of the bride and bridegroom of the White Race. But every once in a while there would creep in a weird minor strain with words of warning against the terrible Something that dwelt away back there Somewhere in the land of Sunrise from which they had escaped with their little queen long years before—the remnant of a once powerful tribe.

Now, however, they prophesied that a new tribe should arise from the union of these two which should dominate the lands of the Glorious West. It was always the West, the land of Sunset, with those warriors that they sang of, and dreamed of and longed for.

The day came when they left the desert and began the ascent to that tableland where dwelt the Ar-Yans. Avenant was summoned by the Prince, and so left them the night before they were to arrive. He took leave of Una Materna with few words but seemed depressed as he turned to go.

"Wait," she called after him. "I have a question to ask before we part. How did you know what caravan to follow from the city of Jalassa to find me?—or do you prefer not to tell?"

He came back at once. "Not at all," he responded, "it was very simple. I followed where I heard the cooing of the dove and the bleating of the lambkin."

"Very simple indeed," she murmured.

He stood still. "And now may I ask you a question before we part?"

"Certainly," she replied with a touch of wonderment in her voice.

"Why did you tell the people of Jalassa I was false to my trust?"

"I did it," she said, holding her head proudly, "to punish you for not speaking up when Moondy told me you had gone off with your own caravan instead of seeking for me to take me safely to my promised lord and master, Prince Ar-Ya."

"But why did Moondy say that?" queried Avenant.

"Because he was hungry," she said, "and he wanted something to eat first and he guessed if I were angry I would work the quicker."

"Ah," spoke Avenant, thoughtfully, "and were you angry?"

"Did you not see how quickly they were served? And did you not get your own cup of brew very soon?"

"I did," he replied.

"But why did you not speak up then?" she asked him with a flash of lightning from her eyes as blue as the flax-flower.

"Because—I did not understand women's ways, and when you went off on that camel with the ten boys as escorts without letting us know—I felt myself too stupid and dunderheaded to know what to do. And so when Moondy said that—I thought he knew you better than I did—and so kept silence."

"Oh," she said softly, like the coo of her own dove.

"But you did know," he spoke in a low voice.

"Yes, I knew all the time."

"How did you know?"

"While I was sitting in the tent with my dagger held to my heart ready in case the Black Prince should dare to speak to me—I heard a little bird and it said these words, 'Fear not, O Queen, Avenant is here.'"

He turned as if about to leave her, and then came back once more:

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"Another word, please; would you mind explaining to me why you left your gifts in the city of Jalassa? and why you sent back your camel and slave-boys to the Prince of the Black Kingdom?"

"That is easy to answer," she said, brightly, "the jewels and gifts of other nations are something to beware of in that they arouse envy and covetousness and jealousy and bring misery with them to that nation which receives them. My nurse has told me so. And as to the slave-boys, I knew if I took them with me, more would follow, and ere long the Ar-Yans would become a mixed race for the common stock would absorb them. And I wanted my land to be a White Land."

"It is well," murmured Avenant half absently, then he added, "that you are to be our queen."

Una Materna then stood her queenliest. "Now take my respects to the Prince and speak to him kindly of me that I may win his royal favor as he has won mine, by sending such a loyal subject as yourself to stand for him and speak for him and fetch me to him so safely."

Avenant stooped his head and kissed courteously the hand she extended to him in farewell.

Resolutely she turned and went into her chariot-tent. But when her warriors went to her to receive their instructions for the morrow as was their habit all those years, for the first time they found her unable to plan with them.

"Come away," spoke Moondy, the chief, to the other six. "Una Materna has been weeping, and it is natural that she should do so. To-night her old life comes to an end, and tomorrow begins her new one. I hope this Prince Ar-Ya is going to be worthy of our young queen."

"Well," exclaimed Toody, "if he isn't we'll take her away from him —that's all!"

How the poor old fellows loved her can never be told!

The brows of them drew down and a sinister look came over their faces at the very thought of such a thing. They had not fought and battled for their lovely young queen all their lives to stand by and be dumb when danger threatened from a new source never suspected before.

"But I'll hammer him to a blue jelly first," spoke Tordy moodily.

"And I'll carry him off in the darkness and lose him in a forest of wild animals," roared Wody.

"And I'll send a great wind to blow him over a great cliff where a thousand thorns shall pierce him," broke forth Freedy.

"And I'll flail him till he is dead and burn him to ashes," exclaimed Tattady.

"And I'll take his ashes and feed them to fishes," whispered Tundy.

Would that every young queen about to wed her Prince had a band of "Noble Seven" like these to guard her from harm, even from the one whom she has journeyed so far to meet, should he prove unworthy.

They thought it only natural that she should be weeping on this night, the last of her old life, in view of the morrow beginning her new life in her new kingdom.

O Fair One with the Golden Locks, so pure and beautiful, what fate is waiting thee?

Thou hast been good and dutiful. Now what is Fate's decree?

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CHAPTER XII.

THE MEETING OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

There was a great stirring and excitement going on in the kingdom of Ar-Ya, for on this wonderful day of days, the bride of the Prince was to arrive in the caravan which had been sent across the great desert to the south-east, to the wonderful city there, for the express purpose of winning her from the other kings and princes and fetching her to dwell with them as queen of the land.

Now while they lived by their flocks and agriculture, yet the old king had been a hard master for many years and had ruled them all so harshly that his older sons had been glad to escape and go forth to conquer the great world beyond in order to get away from his iron will. Then, too, as he had gotten older and more self-willed like a pampered child, he had made favorites of some who were utterly unworthy, only they flattered him all the time, and to these he gave much, while taking away from others who tried to do what was good for the kingdom. So while some of the people had much comfort and ease, others were hungry and discontented and worn out with arduous toil.

Fortunately, however, the old king was now dead and buried, and his youngest son, Ar-Ya who had remained faithful to his father, was ruler of the land and everybody was eagerly looking for the first sight of the bride to see whether she was going to give her influence to the old favorites of the dead king, or whether she was going to choose new favorites for the new court.

And the Hungry Ones were hoping she would do something for them —they did not know exactly what, for it had always been like that from one king to another, and they were used to it.

Among them there was a poor giant, a mere boy in years, who was always hungry and he hoped she would throw him an apple or a plum some day, so he walked along with his hands in his pockets, very awkward and embarrassed, while everybody was poking fun at him as usual. But it so happened that because of his great height he could see over the heads of those below and thus he was the first to perceive the dust of the approaching caravan. So everybody was calling up to him to know how near she was by now, and as it was about the only time in his life he had been made to feel that he was of any importance whatever, this gave him a little pleasure, so he felt kindly to the new queen already, even before he saw her.

But there were Jalassas there also, women who were full of hatefulness, and determined to ruin the new queen should she not choose them to be the favorites as they had been under the rule of the late king. For since the new king had taken his father's place he had not so much as looked at them. So they were determined to astonish her with their grandeur and bend her will to theirs in order to run things generally as they had been doing before. Now it was not because they had any wise plans to carry out, or an intention to benefit anybody. It was simply because in their hearts was hatefulness and they wanted to vent their spite on everyone.

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In order that they should make a great impression on the new queen and on everybody, they had arrayed themselves in costumes, each more absurd than the other, well calculated to make them look important. Some had long peaks on top of their heads, some wore horns and tails. Their one idea seemed to be to look as unnatural and peculiar as possible. Some had strange stuffs from foreign lands wrapped about them as tightly as if they had been sticks, which they wore proudly. There were a few who had on so many clothes they looked like stuffed sausages, others wore breadths so tightly strapped around them they seemed like flat shapes cut out of boards.

But the most of the inhabitants were shepherds and milkmaids and plowmen and workers and their children, wearing make-shifts of costumes, sheep-skin coats, sleeveless, with leather aprons and knee-garments for the men, and little homemade jackets and skirts for the women, and odds and ends on the children and all of them were walking along barefooted or else with crude sandals. The only festive thing about them was that they carried green boughs in their hands, and the women wore wreaths on their heads in honor of the occasion.

How anxious they were to behold the new queen and judge for themselves whether she might be likely to make life a little less hard for them out of the plenitude of her own riches! but it had always been that way, and doubtless so would continue to the end of things earthly. Just to have a holiday like this and the promise of a treat afterwards to a little cake and mead was enough to please some of them, who were so tired and so hungry that they had no thinkability left in them.

It was rather a poor kingdom at best. Their temple was built beneath and around a spreading oak-tree, and here the king would arrive to meet the approaching caravan of the Fair One with Golden Locks as she was called, so they gathered here from the early morning hours to be on hand in time to behold the meeting of the young Queen of the Bright Ones (which was her other title) and their own king, Ar-Ya.

Slowly the caravan approached. The awkward young giant gave the word that he could see them coming, and the small boys up on high like so much strange fruitage in the trees nearly fell down in their excitement.*

A number of the first vehicles passed, and then appeared the white oxen with garlands on their horns, drawing the chariot in which was Una Materna with her nurse still knitting away unceasingly, she with her golden locks falling about her, and graciously bowing to all those poor shepherds and milkmaids and children, and even lifting her eyes and giving a sweet smile to the poor awkward young giant who felt that he could always love her forever after, whether she threw him a plum or an apple or not. He held his head higher for he knew now he was her faithful subject.

At last the procession of the king came swiftly down the way and

*The same thing happened to the descendants of the Ar-Yans, thousands of years later, when the mighty funeral cortege of a great White queen, followed by generals, potentates, princes, kings and emperors passed through the teeming streets of London, in 1901. All along the way where were lofty trees, the branches were hung thickly with lads, youths and striplings of the poor, where they looked like a strange fruitage to the beholder from the ground below. And so great was their weight that boughs broke and crashed down with this living fruit on that day, and ambulances were summoned to carry away the injured. It was a strange sight never to be forgotten. But the young of this descent will ever long to behold the passing of their queens, whether in bridal or in funeral processions.

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gave her greeting, and he himself clad in a white wool cloak stepped forward to the chariot and gave her his hand, and she alighted with her eyes cast downwards toward the ground, never giving him so much as one glance.

"How pale she is!" exclaimed one of the Jalassas, "and pretending to be so modest and abashed when everybody knows she came all the way to get him!"

"I don't see anything so pretty about her," spoke another, "she really has quite a large waist. But mine is like a wasp's waist."

"Yes, and her nose is too short," spoke a third. "Mine is much longer."

If some one could have stuck a bodkin into all of them at that moment it might have stopped their malice, but we shall see!

As the young Queen of the Bright Ones stepped forward to the temple, surrounded by her best men, who were of course her warriors, she faltered, and Moondy placed her hand on his arm to steady her.

Into the temple they went under the boughs of the great spreading oak, and the sacred words were spoken which made them husband and wife. Then they returned and stood together for all the people to pass by and give them their good wishes.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRANCE-SLUMBER OF UNA MATERNA.

One glance at last Una Materna gave to the face of the king. She saw that he was tall and slender and that his eyes were blue. She noted his smooth-shaven cheeks and strongly marked features and averted glance. She thought him very stern. Her heart grew heavy. Then she began to look among those gathered about to behold once more that faithful subject who had so nobly represented the king.

From face to face she glanced and seemed to be forlorn that he should not be there. It was true that he, Avenant, with his full brown beard and many cares seemed older in appearance than the king, who was more like a handsome youth of haughty mien. But she had grown to know and admire Avenant for this very manliness of his. All these strangers seemed cold and harsh to her.

Especially was she made to feel the displeasure of the ladies of the court as they gazed at her, all arrayed in their horns and tails. She knew they were finding fault with her. Why not? How could they approve of her appearance? For she had on a simple gown of white wool and a mantle of white linen while on her head was a little cap of white lace with turned-up wings of silver, all made so simple and plain without any horns or tails such as they wore, and with that wonderful inner sense of hearing of hers every sound was brought to her ears when they ridiculed the idea of her having a dove on her shoulder and a lambkin at her knee.

Then came four of these women with a smile of superciliousness as they advanced, bearing on a cushion a four-horned kind of crown which, with long speeches of hypocrisy, they presented to her. They were determined to start the fashion of everyone dressing as they did, and they felt sure once they got the new queen to put it on her head, that they could make her do as they willed, for this headdress was bewitched.

However, as might be guessed, Una Materna did not know what to do with the thing and so she asked Moondy to hold it for her.

Then came the milkmaids, four of them, bearing on a lamb's wool cushion a crown of honeysuckle and mignonette. She stooped to them with her sweetest smile and took it in both her hands and lifted it and placed it upon her head over her little cap, and it seemed most fitting as an emblem of her sweet majesty.

"Honeysuckle, choose her," said a voice near her, a voice she knew.

She turned in surprise and wonderment and looked for the speaker, and the same voice continued, "Fear not, O Queen, Avenant is here."

The king had turned to her. There she beheld the eyes of blue, as blue as the myrtle, fringed with the black lashes and though without the beard she knew better than the smooth cheeks and firm chin, yet she recognized that Avenant stood there by her side as the King of Ar-Ya.

Now in the veins of Una Materna there flowed not one coward drop. She felt coming events casting their shadows before and prepared for them. But she was so honest herself that such a thing as this was to

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her unbelievable. She might be able to escape from caravans and face the leader of wild tribes and bury her dead and hold herself calmly when parting with one whom she admired. But she had battled with herself the night preceding during that terrible weeping-spell that had overcome her, to do away with the least bit of regard in her heart which might be lingering there for Avenant. She held herself faithful in every drop of heart's blood, in every beating of her pulse to her Prince of the land of Ar-Ya, and she went to him sincerely grateful for his confidence in her. She had resolved that if even he should prove more stern than she could bear, still she would love him and devote herself to benefiting the people. She was angry at herself that she had given one glance to see if Avenant were there. And to think that he had been standing by her side in the disguise of this handsome youth, made her hate him. How had he dared to play with her affection thus? A little shiver went through her, the world turned black as night, and with a great sob she fell toward the earth in a death-swoon.

But ever-faithful Moondy had been aware of some wild tempest going through the heart of the young queen and he caught her and so laid her down gently.

Then he turned upon the king of Ar-Ya and was for giving him a trouncing right then and there, but he found the king kneeling beside her and chafing her hands and imploring her to give him one word of forgiveness, and hearing the well-known voice of their captain, then it was that Moondy knew the truth. He stood aside with his six companions and they all wrung each other's hands fiercely in a terrible grip as if to say, "It is all right, boys!" and then they turned away their heads that none might see their emotion.

Ar-Ya was Avenant and Avenant was Ar-Ya, and already they loved him and could trust their young queen to his care and would not have to do any of those terrible things to him that they had promised themselves in case he did not treat her right—for he was one of them also to guard and protect her until death. And now they began to guess why Una Materna had spent that last night weeping, only of course they got it all wrong for they did not understand anything, as why should men, even the dearest and best of them ,the delicate workings of a woman's innermost nature? Why, she hardly knows herself, until years afterwards, why she does things!

There she lay at their feet upon the cold ground and did not regain consciousness. She lay there as pale as death and as silent.

If the frost-spindle of winter had pierced her finger she could not be more motionless. If she had tasted the poisoned apple of the wicked old jealous queen of winter she could not be more beautiful in her death-trance.

Like the seven dwarfs who watched by the bier of Snowflake, so did the warriors stand guard over Una Materna. They placed their spears together and made a litter, and lifted her thereon, and marched solemnly toward the place of habitation prepared for her, away from the lumbering old king's hall of past times, with Ar-Ya following in grief and despair and all the people making way for them to pass through.

At last they reached this tower-house (it could not be called a palace) but had been fitted up by Ar-Ya for her to have as her own

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place with a garden around it and trees and herbs and all things she liked.

She was carried within and laid upon the couch there, and given remedies, but still she remained as before. Her good nurse was appealed to and she stopped her knitting and lost several stitches in her web while she bade them let her have her rest in peace, as the journey had been too fearsome for her and she could endure no more.

So she lay in state as one who has passed from earth and her warriors watched by her bier faithfully. As if Nature herself came to the rescue in an effort to protect Una Materna from the noise and quarreling of the outside world, there grew up around that place a giant hedge of thorns over night, so that no one could pass that way. And there she slept in peace.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE FOUR-HORNED LADIES.

Outside, things went on very badly. The king was so distracted he could not pay proper attention to the needs of his people, and as most of them had no thinkability for themselves, you can imagine how slack and neglected everything was.

All did I say? No, there were four witches' daughters there, who could think and plot and plan more mischief over night in the darkness than two dozen strong men could set straight in the sunlight of many days. And who were these but the four crown-bearers of the four-horned crown which Una Materna had not known what to do with, and had handed to Moondy to hold, and of course he had dropped it and had never thought of the foolish bauble again.

So there it had lain in the dust, and the young giant had picked it up, unfortunately, walking along and wondering what to do with it. Of course it was just his luck that some one told him to try it on. So very soon he was making sport for the shepherds and milkmaids. And there they were laughing and holding their sides and having great fun over the performance while the wearer was lifting his eyebrows and winking his eyes and going through all sorts of pantomime in mimicry of those ladies of the court who had always snubbed them all, because they did the work of the kingdom, and it felt good for once in their lives to see them getting taken down for all their airs and graces.

But, alas! two of the crown-bearers passed by at this very moment and saw the whole performance. Like Jalassa, they turned a pale green and then a pale yellow, and straightway ran to the king to tell him of the shocking affair and demand that the young giant be cast into the dungeon for having stolen the four-horned crown of the new queen which they had presented to her. They said it was a crime against the government. At first the king did not hear them at all. He was walking up and down in the council-hall of the old king with his arms clasped behind him, trying to study out some difficult matters relating to the crops, but he would stop every once in so often to look out the window in the direction of the thorn-hedge to see if any signal was being displayed yet, from the warriors telling that there was any change there for the better.

He simply looked on them as naughty, perverse children who were a nuisance to themselves and everybody else, and told the doorkeeper to send them home. At this they began to carry on dreadfully, yowling and wailing and finally weeping with copious tears and hysterical screams so that the sound of it reached the ears of the seven warriors, and one of them came to the hedge of thorn-briers and held up his spear with a white streamer fluttering from it, and the people all ran and the king saw it and he hastened to see if it were a message from his beloved Una Materna awakening from her long trance.

But it was not. The warrior asked that the awful noise be stopped as it was too much for their nerves.

So Avenant, or Ar-Ya rather, not knowing how else to get the

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horrid sounds to cease from these four-horned ladies, always four-horned, signed the decree condemning the young giant to the gaol. Now nobody had been put into this dungeon for a matter of several hundred years, and it was full of spiders and thick with cobwebs.

Usually when anyone misbehaved in this kingdom they made him work over time, so this being put into gaol was a terrible punishment. The milkmaids and the shepherds gathered together and marched in a body to the king and begged and entreated that he would not doom the poor awkward young giant who was hardly more than a boy to such an end as that, merely for a little harmless joke on the four-horned ladies, always four-horned. "He had never meant any harm at all, at all," they insisted. And if the king persisted in putting him into the dungeon he would have to put them all in there, too, as they all were as much to blame as he was.

But the four-horned ladies never ceased yowling that they would have justice and would not listen to reason. So Ar-Ya turned to the milkmaids and bade them remember that the young queen had taken their crown of honeysuckle and mignonette and had placed it on her head where it still remained in her trance, and for her sake would they submit to this unjust decree and let the young giant go to the gaol, so that the warriors might watch by her side in peace?

Their eyes were full of tears as they beheld the anguish of their king, and without a word, they escorted the poor awkward thing to the dungeon, and he permitted them to lock it up with the rusty old bolts which he could have burst asunder without half trying.

Now this was very brave of poor "Lazybones," as he was called, for if there was one thing he hated worse than another, it was cobwebs and spiders. So he remained there for the sake of the beautiful young Queen of the Bright Ones that she might repose in peace while her trance lasted. But sometimes his heart beat very fast, and horror overcame him when he felt the cobwebs trailing around him, and he saw the eyes of the spiders like bright beads showing up even in the darkness.

But the four-horned ladies no longer wailed; on the contrary they sat around and smiled to think how they were running things to suit themselves in Ar-Ya's kingdom. And this was a great triumph, for these ladies did not belong here in this country at all, but were left-overs from many caravans passing through, they and all their relations, whom the old king (who had been harsh enough to his own sons) had permitted to remain in order to amuse him with their caprices, for no one knew what they would be doing next.

This might amuse a tyrant for a brief hour, but it played hob with the country. For while they were having these carryings-on, nobody could get any work done, and when the work stopped things went smash. For if the ground is not dug up and planted at the proper season, there are no crops, and when they are no crops everybody starves. But these capricious ladies with their four-horns who planted nothing but were like so many grass-hopper people who ate up every green leaf that others made to grow, were a curse to the land.

One of these who considered herself a great beauty, made a nice rennet-pudding with her own fair hands (or pretended that she did) and carried it to the king and expressed sorrow over his misfortune in having

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an invalid for his wife, and palavered and cast sheep's eyes at him, and told him it was the fashion now in all the other kingdoms for the king to have several wives, and why should not he do the same, seeing that he had been so unfortunate as to have his first wife condemned to spend her lifetime in a trance? And then she told him how well she understood court-customs and styles and felt sure that her mother's daughter would be able to introduce great improvements into the kingdom should she be given the opportunity to do so.

But Avenant, or Ar-Ya, rather, did not know what she was talking about, and so asked her kindly to excuse him as he had to see to business matters (which of course meant the crops) and he hoped she would be feeling better on the morrow. He never even looked at the rennet. So she took her departure boiling with rage. The same thing happened the next day when the second one came on the same errand, also bearing a rennet-pudding. Again on the third and the fourth day was this repeated.

Not until they all arrived together to lay before him the wonderful proposition of adding all four of them to his family to take the place of the sleeping bride of his heart did he get a glimmering of what they were talking about. Even then his mind was too pure to understand them. He thought they were talking about what he would do if his beloved Una Materna should die in her sleep and leave him thus bereaved.

He bent his brows till he seemed of a terrible majesty and his eyes flashed fire. "I gave my word of honor," spoke he sternly, "never to love another woman whether I won the Fair One with Golden Locks or did not win her, and my word is as good as my bond and my bond as myself. If my bride, the queen of this land, never wakes, but dies in her trance, I will destroy every habitation in this place, drive away the people to other kingdoms, and go forth myself to conquer the great world toward the land of Sunset, even as my older brothers have done. For without Una Materna I shall become a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth. And if I hear any more of such talk as this, I will put all four of you into the dungeon where you can learn to repent in the midst of the spiders."

With smothered screams of horror all of the four-horned ladies gathered up their skirts and ran as fast as they could to their own places to hide with their witch-mothers, who had put them up to all these actions. But as for the poisoned rennets left behind, the doorkeeper kicked them out the back-door, and some poor unfortunate little pink pigs came along and devoured them and were turned into dreadful little snakes that crawled away to escape, only the doorkeeper went after them with a heavy cudgel and destroyed them.

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CHAPTER XV.

UNA HEARS THE VOICE OF THE POOR YOUNG GIANT.

Meanwhile during all this time what had become of the poor big boy in the gaol? He had fallen sick of a fever and he kept groaning, "Oh, wot am I in here fur? I never did nothing to nobody—wot am I here fur all alone with nobody but spiders?" And at last his groans went traveling by the air to the ears of the queen as she lay in her trance. You know I told you she had an inner sight and hearing by which she "sensed" things from far away.

Moondy was the first to notice that her eye-lids were quivering. He sent word to the king and he came at once through the great hedge of thorn-briars which opened before him to let him pass through, showing that the magic hour had arrived. Thus came Ar-Ya to the couch where lay Una Materna, the sleeping bride of his heart. Would she waken? Would she know him? He knelt beside her and kissed her upon the forehead sacredly. She opened her dark blue eyes, but there was no smile on her beautiful face. She looked at him reproachfully.

"Forgive me, my Una Materna," he said tenderly, "I am sorry!"

"I do not understand the ways of men," she murmured half under her breath, and closed her eyes again as if she took no interest in life.

"What can I do to please you? You are my life and my all," he continued, still kneeling by her side. "I wanted to have you love me for myself alone and not because I was king."

"It was wicked of you," she returned slowly, as if her heart were breaking. "I might have learned to like you, Ar-Ya, but I do not care for that Avenant at all! I consider him vain and selfish." And she felt better when she had said it.

Still Ar-Ya kept entreating her forgiveness and asking what he could do to please her.

"Why do you keep that poor boy in there with those spiders?" she asked him, sitting up all at once. "Let me go and give him his freedom?"

"So you shall," exclaimed Ar-Ya in a tumult of delight. And the warriors put their spears together and made a litter for her and carried her to the door of the dungeon. They could hear the mutterings and wailings of the poor big boy who still was asking why was he there.

She took the great rusty keys and turned them in the rusty locks and threw the rusty door open. But the poor fellow was in a fever and did not know the door was open and kept saying things about how he could get out easy enough only the young queen had smiled at him and so to please her he had gone in and now had to stay there so she would be peaceful in her sleep.

All at once new energy entered into her veins. She hastened into the spidery place and touched her hand to his forehead and spoke to him, and a sort of understanding seemed to pass between them. He groaned no more. The warriors led him out and she ordered food and drink for him. There were the milkmaids and the shepherds and the other workers standing all around, and at this, they knelt before her and

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promised they would always be good in return for her kindness to the poor young giant.

By this time he seemed quite himself again and made some foolish remarks to set them off laughing as was his way, for he was a bit of a clown when he had enough to eat. But you shall hear more of him later on.

Una was now talking to the milkmaids and their mothers. "What weaves have you?" she asked. "And show me your flax."

But it was all very poor and crude, not like the fine materials she had brought with her. So she ordered her bags opened and gave them seeds to plant and told them how to proceed to get new flax that was better than theirs, and how to spin it and how to weave the warp and the woof into good lasting materials. And she asked about their leaven and told them what to do to make it more wholesome, and many other things of great interest to people of everyday life.

"Bread is very important," she told them. Everybody became so interested that they forgot everything else, when all at once the four-horned ladies appeared and complained that no one was setting the table for dinner, and they were hungry and needed to eat.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE FOUR-HORNED CARAVAN.

Now the king and the warriors were so delighted to see Una Materna taking an interest in life again, that they were keeping very quiet and making every one else keep quiet, so she would go on and on, getting interested in the people and the place, for they did not know but that at any moment she might start off for the West as on that first journey of hers!

And they all knew they should go along with her because she had that air of authority born in her that made men obey her to their own good. And they were tired after so many battlings with the foe, and wanted to stay here awhile longer; for they knew already of themselves that they longed to go some day to the land of Sunset for it was in their blood to do so. But not yet awhile they said, for they could foresee that it would be a terrible journey, fighting with dragons and all sorts of wild beasts, and they needed to know many things ere they started, in order to prepare them beforehand.

So they wanted Una to be contented with that land till they got ready to go. The king frowned at these foreigners thrusting themselves in just when they were least wanted. He waved his hand objecting to these marplots whose hearts were full of hatefulness, to make them go away. And the warriors did not fail to shake their mighty fists beneath the four noses of them to discourage their further advance.

But they, these four-horned ladies all dressed up fit to kill, remembering how successfully they had worked their previous plot, fell back on yowling and wailing and weeping once more to accomplish their ends, for their witch-mothers were with them there urging them on to do their worst.

These "left-overs" from preceding caravans took advantage of the fact that the men did not want to hurt them. They knew they, the men, were too noble to knock them down, so they did not care what they did to try them to the uttermost, and they gave way to the witch-like natures in them, and acted like gibbering baboons.

Of course everything was spoiled for everybody else with such a circus as this going on. The milkmaids and the shepherds and the workers were alarmed and everybody was distracted.

"Who are these?" asked Una Materna, standing to her full height.

"We are very important, we are!" said they in one voice sobbing like perverse children.

"What are you doing with those horns on your heads?" asked the young queen.

They could not for the life of them explain.

"If I am going—to—stay—here—" began Una Materna, as if she had not yet decided that she would.

So the king stood up then and took the matter in hand. "I declare a new edict on this day. All those who wish to wear four horns or any horns on their heads must seek new kingdoms to live in! Or else be placed in the dungeon. I have spoken."

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At this the workers and shepherds and common people gave a great shout of joy and began dancing with each other like mad. The young giant smiled wanly and said, "Guess they won't like them spiders neether."

But the horned ladies, being "left-overs," did not seem to comprehend what an edict was. They said they wouldn't any such thing! So then the men had to yoke up a few oxen and gather together a few provisions, and when it was all ready they told the horned ladies with their witch-mothers to get in and go off with the caravan to the next kingdom. But they tossed their horns and said they would not go. So the next thing they knew they were running like chickens and those rough plowmen after them, and of course they were caught because a man can run faster than a woman, and they were hurried up to that awful dungeon of spiders and put in until they changed their minds, which was in about five minutes, and decided to go away in the caravan.

Their unfortunate relatives had to go along with them, root and branch, men, women and children, so as to keep them company, because that was the Ar-Yan way—they never separated families. And there was an awful time finding them because the relatives declared they were not to blame because of all this four-horned business, and so they had hidden away like in a game of blind man's bluff or high spy, from the rough plowmen. But at last the roll was called, and all were there excepting just one, a poor bed-ridden old aunt who was also blind and stone deaf, and as they could not explain the thing to her under a year or so, they gave up the job and said to let her stay and we will take care of her for she has not long to live, poor thing! So it was done, and all the rest of the families of the four-horned ladies got into the carts or walked alongside or lagged behind and so disappeared into the distance, as all hoped, forever.

But we shall see.

Of course it might seem strange that those four ladies would not be willing to take off those terrible four-horned head-dresses that caused all this unnecessary bother and fuss, and save themselves and everybody such an awful waste of time. But no, they were horn-mad. They preferred to perish rather than give them up, which shows how queerly the human mind can work when it has not that fine property of "thinkability" which enables us all to live together in a state of peace.

Well, it was a great day for the land of Ar-Ya when that four-horned caravan went away from it to the next kingdom. Would that it had gone "farther and farther than far" till they had been lost forever, but this is history, and so we cannot change things, and tell the story the way it ought to have been, but as it was.

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CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT FIVE FALLING STARS BROUGHT.

As if a blight had passed from the land, with the going of that ill-omened caravan, everything burgeoned and blossomed like the rose.

Such crops you never did see, and the blossoms of the flax shone out in sweet blue eyes like mimic skies amid the fields everywhere. Doves were cooing, lambs were bleating, and cows were lowing with contentment. The pastures were full of green grass, and the wheat and the barley were waving in the wind, when a star fell from the heavens one night bringing to Una Materna and King Ar-Ya one of the handsomest little boys ever seen, with dark eyes but a skin like milk, and his frame was slender and graceful. As he grew, he was not very active but thoughtful, and got up early to behold the sunrise which seemed to him the most fascinating thing in the world. He was named Hindo and afterwards became Indo.

He would take a long piece of linen and wrap it about his head into a turban to keep his brain from the heating rays of the sun, and he sang wonderful songs about the beauty of the sun and the fields and the morning. They may be read to this day in the Sanscrit language where they have been preserved for thousands of years.

It was in the summer of another year, when he was quite a good sized boy, that a star fell across the heavens with a grand train of silver behind it, and brought to the happy parents, a little daughter, of whom it has been said, that she was as beautiful as Una Materna herself. But that we refuse to believe. She was blue-eyed and milk-white and had wonderful golden hair and loved the sun, too, as did her brother. Her name was Gracia and she used to drape herself in scarves of linen very delightfully.

When the third star fell, it brought another daughter and she was more like Indo, with a high nose and black eyes and they called her Roma. She was soon as tall as Gracia, and always tried to rule her for she had a very imperious way about her and was always determined that everybody should come under her will. She also loved the sun but was always watching for the sunset-hour and glory rather than that of the morning. Her taste was also more gorgeous than that of Gracia's.

When the fourth star fell, it brought a fair little boy who was different from the other children. He was blue-eyed like the flax-blossom and golden-haired, but was so strong and active that he never quit running from the time he got up in the morning till he went to bed. He took a great interest in the fields and in the mountains but did not love the sun so much as did the other three. Such a hardy strong little boy, rather stern of face he was! Very early he got two wings and put them on each side of his head in imitation of the helmet worn by Avenant (or Ar-Ya rather) when he went to win Una Materna for his bride.

And the warriors smiled to see him and said to each other that he was going to equal his father, the king, when he grew up. Indeed he

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was their favorite of all the children. And he was the one who gave them their names as we now have them, for he never forgot them but kept them always in his heart, no matter how far he traveled when he went on his long quest in search of the land of the Sunset. And they called him Sax.

When he was getting his second teeth and was a sturdy strong little fellow, there came a fifth star from the skies bringing to him and the others the most interesting little brother. He seemed to have brought with him a message to deliver, and began to talk very soon and to try to explain what this message might be. But Roma laughed at him and ridiculed him. Gracia did not take any interest, and Indo was busy with his own thoughts. Sax played with him more than did the others. But he was an odd one among them, that was evident.

Always King Ar-Ya did as do all fathers: He used to play with this little chap of his and throw him up in the air and cry "Upsa-Day"* —that is a word four thousand years old and it means "to catch"— but this was not a merry baby but very serious. So Ar-Ya had to find some other way than this to amuse him, different from the other children.

Una Materna held him close to her heart and looked into his dark eyes, and tried to understand what the wee mite of a beginning of a prophet was trying to say. When the other children were saying "goo" and "dah" and "neenee" (meaning drink of water) this baby was pointing upward and urging recognition of some great Power above. Una Materna had always referred to it as "Dyaus-Pitar," the great Sky-Father. But the eager little fellow would insist on calling it by a name of his own which she learned finally and treasured in her heart.

They named him Semitra, but often she clasped him closely to her, and whispered her pet name for him alone, for the others were jealous of him, and said, "My little Hillel!"

*This word is today usually called "Upsa-daisy."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

UNA MATERNA REFUSES TO FORGIVE AVENANT.

The sun was setting in full glory, and the warriors were standing gazing upon its splendor with their usual longing, and Sax was with them, and little Semitra sat upon the shoulder of old Moondy with his tiny hands clasped together and listening to all they were saying with a wise look upon his baby features.

No longer was the bronze in the hair and beard of the old warriors, for the frost had crept in slowly, yet still would you call them "The Bright Ones," because of the ardor of their hearts and the eternal bon-fire blazing in their eyes.

Moondy was talking to Sax, and pointing to the crimson and gold glory in the beloved West, while the six others were nodding their heads and agreeing with him. "Some day we are going that path, and you shall be our chief, and we shall never stop until we have reached the land and take it for our own."

"Yes," said Sax proudly, "I shall be your chief. But what will Semitra be?"

By this time the golden sun had sunk into his crimson bed and was now drawing his shadowy curtains about him. Above hung the crescent moon and the evening star. Semitra pointed to it eagerly—"See, far, far, far, I will follow the star." So after that, they always called it, "The star of Semitra."

* * * * * * * * * *

That evening Una Materna sat thinking, meditatively. The king came in and sat down too, and began talking about the crops. For of course, you must know that if kings do not attend to the crops, everything will go wrong, there will be famines and everybody will starve to death. You've simply got to think about the crops.

However, for once, Una Materna did not seem to be interested. So he came over and sat down beside her and took her slender hand in his, and asked her what she was thinking about.

Her face lighted up with a glory like that of the setting sun.

"Do you know, Paterno," she responded (for she never called him Avenant nor Ar-Ya either, but always Paterno), "I am quite convinced that our children are going to be something fine and wonderful when they grow up."

"Is that so, Materna!" he exclaimed. "Well, I am very glad of it! They are trouble enough the way they smash things and upset things now, for them to become kings and queens of the earth in order to pay for their up-bringing."

"Well, I really believe that is what they are going to be," said the beautiful queen of the WHITE Race. "Now there is Ind, so graceful and so talented and his sculptured features show his fine lineage. I can see a land by a southern sea full of palms and beautiful temples waiting for him. For Gracia there is a kingdom by another sea, where the waters are blue, and marble shall be the temples she will build. Not far from her Roma will establish a greater empire that

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shall last for a thousand years and affect all later governments. But up by the cold North Sea amid snows and long winters will Sax build him a rule that shall spread across the great waters to a new world and thence across that mighty land to the edge of the earth where sleeps the sun every night in his golden bed. And here shall they all gather together once more and their children's children dwell here in bonds of peace."

"You are their mother and you ought to know," spoke the king half in jest and half in earnest, for he knew of that inner sense of hers and believed in it. "But what do you see for our little prophet who has invented a new name for Sky-Father?"

A troubled look came over the face of Una Materna. "Alas! I fear for him, his sorrows will be many. And yet he will follow his star and survive Gracia and Ind and possibly Sax. He and his children will be few yet shall they dominate an unseen empire though no land may be their own. And the story of his wanderings shall be preserved as a precious book for the whole world forever. I must keep him close to me and protect him for he is such a little fellow and his brothers and sisters are not kind to him. Yet he is the dearest of all to my heart because of his wonderful wisdom. I do not see where he gets it!" And she drew him to her breast and gazed upon him with tears in her eyes.

"Materna," spoke Ar-Ya proudly, "he gets it from you—you always were wise and prudent and right-minded. Why should you not have one child more remarkable than any other child in the world?"

"Thank you, Paterno, that is the dearest compliment you ever paid me in your life. I should love to think it even so."

"Then in return—may I—not ask a favor?" he inquired with a serious look on his face.

She waited.

"Won't you—forgive—Avenant?"

"But suppose I had loved Avenant on my journey," 'she exclaimed, "how then should I have been a true wife to Ar-Ya?" And she stood up to her full height. So he said no more.

She always held that they were not one and the same but two distinct personages. She always forgave Ar-Ya for his part of the deception practiced upon her when he was pretending he was Avenant. But she would never forgive Avenant for his not letting her know he was Ar-Ya.

"He should have told me," she would say. "He should have told me that night when he left the caravan, and then I should have been saved one night's weeping for nothing, and have gone to my bridal with a tranquil heart. I do not understand the ways of men."

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CHAPTER XIX.

HOW THE FOUR-HORNED CARAVAN CAME BACK.

As they stood there both so splendid and majestic, someone came running down the road, and after him many others to give the news of an approaching caravan. It was the young giant and the plowmen and shepherds and common folk. And they were calling out that it was the same old caravan of the four-horned ladies returning with all their relations, and they came to make a call on the poor old bed-ridden aunt who was stone deaf and stone blind and dumb as well.

The Ar-Yans were a kind people or she would have died long before, so there she was, like a stone effigy with only a heart-beat every month or so to keep her in the semblance of a living being. But these four-horned ladies with their witch-mothers had to come back to make her a visit, of course. They just loved that old aunt of theirs, and they could not stand it any longer without seeing her. Besides they wanted to get some very important history of the family about their great-grandmother's cousin on their mother's side who had been a general or something, and nobody on earth knew about it, excepting this bed-ridden old crone, whom before they had never cared to hear talk at all when she wanted to, on all these past items. But all at once she loomed up as large to view as a great black thunder-cloud in the sky.

In this moment of perplexity, both Una and Ar-Ya turned to the old nurse, Resonia, who sat in the chimney-corner with her knitting as of yore, to find out what she thought of this subterfuge on the part of the four-horned ladies to get back once more into the land of Ar-Ya.

Always brief in her replies, the Wise Woman remarked oracularly, "Great oaks from little acorns grow, and big events arise from a foolish caprice."

Already the caravan had camped in their midst.

Ar-Ya hastened to meet the train-master and tell him that on the mororw he must move on for the edict still remained in force, and neither he nor his people could continue there over another day in their land. He sent the warriors to make a litter for the old crone of an aunt, and remove her from her place, and discover a corner for her in the caravan so they might take their traditions and their dear ancient with them, and trouble the Ar-Yans never more.

But the four-horned ladies protested loudly, and wept piteously, and begged to see their dear land for a few days more, and be permitted to make the acquaintance of the delightful young princes and princesses of whom they had heard so much, and then they would go on their way, as they were Westward Bound for the Land of Sunset, and any who wished to join them would be most welcome.

"Westward Bound!" The very words thrilled through the air and cast a veil of enchantment over everything, even the four-horned ones themselves.

The king hesitated and the force of his edict was lost. Having given his command he should have remained firm.

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But the very sound of that magic phrase cast a spell over his judgment. What harm could a few days in Ar-Ya do, seeing that they then would go on their way, leaving them in peace? Of course Una Materna would not like it, but she had refused to forgive Avenant, and his heart was sore over it. So he gave the caravan of the four-horned ladies three days' grace, and learned from them of the new glories of that "Forward March!" which were alluring them thither.

Even the old warriors stood and listened, although there was nothing new for them to tell—it was just the same old story that had taken Ar-Ya's older brothers away long before to strange and unknown regions whence they never returned. No one ever returned. There was a mystery about that Land of the Sunset; yet they all wanted to go thither. Just to look at those who were going forth to brave the dangers was enough to draw them near.

Sax was with the warriors as usual and little Semitra. Of course the four-horned ladies made a great fuss over them and called them "darling" and "sweetheart" and "pet" and "lovey" and "honey," which they, the children, did not like at all. They remained aloof and gazed at them severely and would not be coaxed to endure their embraces, for little children know when hearts are false.

Then came Ind and Roma and Gracia, and tremendous were the flatteries poured over them which quite turned their heads, for while Una Materna herself might consider her brood superior, she did not confide this to them while they were in their formative state.

Everything was in a state of sour fermentation in an hour's time from the carryings-on of these witches' daughters.

Then came Una Materna on the scene. Little Semitra pointed his fore-finger to the foremost of this ill-omened crew of abnormal beings who was giving sweetmeats and candied pomegranate-seeds to his elder brothers and sisters and said, briefly, "Bad-dums!"

She took him into her arms, and Sax by the hand, and bade the warriors fetch the other three to her at once. Then she packed her needfuls and took them all away with her to the lodge near the forest where they often went for a change of air.

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CHAPTER XX.

UNA MATERNA PLUNGES INTO THE DARK FOREST.

Now the older three were angry at having been taken away from the scene of excitement, for a passing caravan was always a source of much amusement to them all in the land of the Ar-Yans. They were determined to be revenged on their tiny brother for his having set their mother against the delightful ladies with the four-horns, and so the next morning they persuaded Una Materna to let them all go into the forest to play together, promising to return in an hour or so. As they had often done so before, there was no particular reason to forbid it. But she seemed to have a dread of something happening like a shadow over her path as if from an unknown winged thing above her that she could not see. She protested but they all coaxed her so that she was persuaded against her better judgment. Then she told them to go but little Semitra should stay with her. But Roma whose heart was full of hatefulness, unworthy of the White Man's blood in her veins, entreated that he should be allowed to go with them.

So the Queen took her little boy on her knee, and kissed him on the forehead, and bade them all be careful with him and not to stay away long for Semitra was the joy of her heart.

So the five children of one father and one mother started out together, but little Semitra ran back to her who stood anxiously watching them and kissed her on the forehead also for which she had to stoop to him, and so gave him one more embrace. It was the last. *She never saw him again.*

For when they all got well into the forest the older ones began to ridicule him and tease him and to show their miserable jealousy because it was so, that he was the joy of his mother's heart.

The poor little fellow stood in their midst with his dark mournful eyes swimming in tears, though he said not a word. It was pitiful. But Sax protested at first, and began to kick at Roma though she was so much larger, and he took Semitra by the hand and said, "Come. I'll take care of you," and thus the two smallest ran together further away into the forest. Then Roma ran after them, and struck Sax, and parted them, and gave little Semitra a push so that he fell among the thorn-briers, and they pierced his delicate flesh so he was dyed with the crimson of his own blood. But she only laughed and seized Sax by the hand and dragged him away with her, and Ind had already gone home, but Gracia was still there.

"Come," said Roma, "help me pull Sax along and let that mean baby back there think we have gone off and left him. It will serve him right for interfering with our pleasure."

They could hear the cries of little Semitra from the distance, calling, calling to them vainly. They hardened their hearts and left him behind.

Poor little prophet, and seeker after the wonderful star, that was a sorrowful day for all the earth! For a terrible storm came up, the wind raved in the trees and bent them over and broke them off with

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fearful crashes, the flood-gates of heaven opened, the thunders roared and the waters poured in streams like rivers everywhere from sudden cloud-bursts.

The warriors met Roma and Gracia with Sax and asked for little Semitra, but they were drenched through by this time and could not explain what had become of the child. They had waited for him, they said, but he had wandered away and they could not find him. Ind had returned early and so had escaped the storm.

At the sight of the three there and no little Semitra with them, Una Materna plunged into the dark forest, the picture of fierce motherhood and could not be restrained by her warriors so they went with her as of yore when she was but a child of three and yet their queen. Hither and yon they went, finding a scrap of his little tunic here, and a bit of his scarf there, and at last in the thorn-briers they found a piece of Roma's drapery and the thorns were red with blood.

"My little Hillel," cried Una Materna in her great despair, "they have killed him!"

"Nay," insisted good old Moondy, "he is not here. He is still alive somewhere."

Farther and farther they went all in the terrible storm and darkness of the black forest for three days, lost themselves finally amid the wildness of everything.

"My little Semitra," called Una Materna in the face of the storm, "come to thy mother—thy mother is here!"

But nothing save the echoes of her own despair gave answer to her weeping. She knew she would never see him again.

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CHAPTER XXI.

UNA MATERNA FORGIVES AVENANT.

Strong men found them, and they were headed by king Ar-Ya who lifted his queen from the ground and wrapped her in warm garments and gave her the needed food (which at first she refused) from his own hand. And he was shaking from head to foot in his anguish.

"Our little lost boy," he said, "is with the Sky-Father—he is safe, but our other chilldren need us now more than ever, for they repent for what they have done. Eat for their sakes. Live for their sakes."

A strange thought entered the mind of Una Materna. "And not for thine?" she asked sternly.

"Since you have lost the joy of your heart, I would not ask you to live for my sake. I am not worthy of your beautiful service," spoke the king, shaken through and through by his emotion. "I am like that one to whom came an angel and he plucked her wings of their feathers, and put her into a pot to boil for his dinner. Had I stood firm protecting you and the children, this would never have happened. I am ashamed—I am not worthy. But live for their sakes, if not for mine."

"Avenant," murmured Una Materna, softly, as if it were the sweetest word in the world, "I forgive thee."

"Then live for Avenant's sake," he implored.

So she gathered her life-forces together and resolutely took up the burden of existence once more, but never was she quite the same as in the days when her little boy was on her knee. When she sat looking at twilight's hour at the fading glory of the West, the children would say, "Materna, what are you thinking of, that your eyes shine so strangely?"

And she would say, "Child, I am thinking of your little brother, my lost little boy and wondering if he is tonight looking at Semitra's star. See how beautiful it is."

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CHAPTER XXII.

FAREWELL.

Well, that is all! Nothing was the same as before. The great storm had cut the land into great hollows, the caravan of the four-horned ladies had carried away many of the strongest workers who had been eager to go forth to seek their fortunes in the great track to the WEST, so it was a poor set that was left behind. But their going forth had done them very little good. The cloudbursts had destroyed many in the caravan. Only one man had escaped to go with the Jalassas, and of course the dear old ancient was still being carried along like a stone effigy. But it was well known to all that when she had been brought out in the light of day, she showed traces of ancestry from the Blacks and Yellows, so that they all were a poor mixed breed, neither fish, flesh nor fowl, nor as good as the ones from whom they sprang. And the celebrated relative on the great-grandmother's side they were seeking for turned out to be, not a general as they pretended, but a poor runaway slave that a certain general had taken pity on, and had helped to escape from his pursuers only to be basely betrayed by this ungrateful wretch in return for his kindness. They all were treacherous as if from a nest of vipers. There was no integrity in them.

They never thought on the word "HONOR."

The great and wonderful thing about the "Bright Ones" and the pure Ar-Yans was this; the power they naturally had for organization and working together as one force, *"all for one and one for all."* But as soon as any of these mixed with Blacks or Browns or Yellows, the next generation had hatred in their hearts for the WHITES. So it was a bad affair when some of the Ar-Yans had chosen mates from among the witches' daughters, and had introduced Jalassas to ruin everything that was possible, for no longer had they the power of organization, and building up—all they wanted to do was to pull down and destroy.

And the caravan of the four-horned ladies, always four-horned, had had its way. It had poisoned the children of the king-and-the-queen, with the enchanted pomegranate-seeds and they now were no longer happy, save Sax who had had none, for he alone had escaped to keep his powers in reserve.

Una Materna had lost interest in everything. Whether the flax were planted or not, whether the leaven were fresh or not became a matter of total indifference to her. Even the poor young giant she seemed to have forgotten although he had always been her especial care, and how ragged he was getting and how badly treated without that tender supervision of hers. He did not get enough to eat half the time, and it made him cross and complaining, instead of being lively and good-natured as all true giants should be.

At last Una Materna had the warriors build her a tower on a hill where she could watch the SUNSET each evening and Semitra's star. And the warriors knew then they would never go on that journey they had dreamed of all their lives, to seek that glorious land, but that they

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would have to leave it for Sax to do for them after he had become a great chief with a band of new warriors of his own. They were getting grizzled by now. They were too old to start upon that great track to the West. So they took it out in talking about it, and urging the children of Una Materna to seek for it in their own days stretching out before them so gloriously.

Here in this tower Avenant used to sit with Una, holding her hand and trying to console her for her great loss, for he knew her heart was broken.

Poor Avenant! he had always been tall and well built, but now his shoulders stooped a little and his figure was thin, for his heart was broken, too, over that loss of theirs, but his way was different from hers and he never spoke of it. The crops were very poor, nothing seemed right. The sun beat down mercilessly and burned everything up, and no clouds appeared in the skies to bring the welcome rain with its life-giving quality.

The star was bright in the WEST when Una Materna touched the king's hand lightly.

"Paterno," she said, "teach the children to be kind to each other for little Semitra's sake."

"Yes, Materna," said he, knowing the great moment of departure had arrived, "and what word of comfort do you leave to me, now that you are going on your journey?"

"Come, close," she murmured, a brilliant light shining in her eyes, "I will give you Semitra's word for the great Sky-Father."

So he placed his ear near to her lips and she whispered the Sacred Name.

Thus she passed. And all her people wept for her and told always the story to their children's children. And as each who wandered by that hill beheld that tower where once she had sat gazing at the WEST and the star, they reverently placed a stone until the tower disappeared and it was a great mound up-builded by the hands of those who loved her.

One by one then died the warriors and they were buried there to protect forever their beloved Una Materna in death as they had in life.

And that was the story of the old land of Ar-Ya whence sprang the Indo-European tribes now peopling the earth from ocean to ocean.

But how could we have known all this if it had not been for the grandmothers sitting in the winter by the fires telling the children the marvelous fairy stories during the long nights, so that we all have heard about "The Sleeping Beauty," "The Fair One with Golden Locks" and that most sorrowful one about "The Lost Babes in the Wood?"

In this way wherever the WHITE people go, they carry these tales with them, and the words common to that early time are preserved, so that we know we all belong to one great primal family. Of course it was only natural that the stories should get changed round somewhat during the four thousand years that have elapsed. So that today they think that Avenant and the king were two different men instead of being one and the same, from the way the queen herself looked at the matter, for the last part of the tale of "The Fair One with Golden

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Locks" got lost along the route and was put into a dozen other myth-tales.

But that ancient knitter, Resonia, the Wise Woman of the Ages, still sits plying those wonderful needles of hers, and in her mysterious web we may trace the histories of the children of Una Materna to the very minute of today. For she has a deep crimson thread woven into the mesh to represent Ind, a blue one for Gracia, a green one for Roma, and a bright yellow one for Sax, while under the pattern runs a half-concealed yet shining-through filament of silver, in a six-pointed design to stand for him who was abandoned in the forest. We may follow their footsteps and see them even today in their various lands or where once they held their kingdoms, for nearly all have merged into a common European-American stock in the new world.

But far away in the North, the South, the East, and yea, even in the West, following his star, without a home or a country, carrying his unseen empire with him, wanders still, poor little Semitra, the lost boy of the ages.

AFTER-WORD.

So now we know the story, and how far we came in order to gather together here on this last edge of this last continent. And that it was the faithfulness of Una Materna to her prince Ar-Ya, even before she saw him, and his faithfulness to her, and the same splendid quality in our mothers and fathers for ages back, that has kept us a WHITE RACE.

And we must still continue the same till the end of the world.

The End.

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